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Wanted: An American Heretic

WITH the selection of a Democratic candidate at next week's convention in Los Angeles, the Americans will take the first crucial decision in what is probably the most important presidential election in their – and our – history. Reports from Washington indicate that the American public is approaching the campaign in a mood of high seriousness. This is welcome news, for the world is desperately in need of sober judgment and firm leadership from America.

As many Americans themselves recognise, their campaign system, producing a protracted hiatus of power, is ill-suited to a nation which now plays a predominant role in international affairs. Mr Eisenhower has proved the lamest duck in history, and in addition, his personal and physical failings, his inability to replace such trusted advisers as Foster Dulles and Sherman Adams, and the sharp rebuffs – at the Summit and in Japan – which he has recently received have combined to produce a virtual breakdown of government in Washington. It is no wonder that Mr Krushchev prefers to await the election of a new president before resuming serious negotiations; for, irrespective of his name, the new man in the White House cannot fail to improve the clarity and decision of US policy. Once he is installed, Mr Krushchev will at least know where he is. And so shall we.

By what criteria, therefore, should the world judge the rival candidates? In the short term, Berlin, the Fast East and Cuba will require fairly rapid answers. Will the new administration, when Krushchev's Berlin moratorium runs out, possess the courage and flexibility to negotiate an interim solution of the type Mr Macmillan discussed with Krushchev? In the Far East, the collapse of US policy in Japan indicates that even America's allies in this area now reject Washington's persistence in conducting policy on doctrinaire Cold War lines – of which the increasingly illogical boycott of China has become the psychological symbol. Will the new president recognise the necessity to make a clean break here? The events in Cuba (which may soon be repeated elsewhere in Latin-America) will be a severe test of the nerve of the new regime. Can it sustain Roosevelt's forbearance when dealing with a similar challenge from Mexico, or will it repeat – in a far more dangerous context – the errors of the older colonial powers?

The answer to these questions will largely depend on the new administration's response to the challenge of peaceful competition, which Russia – and no doubt China too – must be expected to wage on an ever-growing scale during the next few years. While the advanced 'free' nations have now acquired reasonable economic stability, scarcely one of the underdeveloped territories has yet succeeded in achieving the self-sustaining growth which is the only sure safeguard against Communist penetration. This has not been principally due to the absence of US aid which, though inadequate and often misdirected, has still been considerable, but to the conditions which Washington has imposed on its recipients, and the way it has shaped world prices and monetary policy.

The conservative bankers and businessmen who have surrounded Eisenhower have sought to create in the backward areas miniature replicas of the US social and economic system (thus resisting the structural changes which alone can promote stable growth). Moreover, by refusing to recognise the need to manage productivity, and so commodity prices, they have often cancelled out – and worse – the effects of the aid they so grudgingly bestow. Turkey, Korea, Cuba – all favoured US children – are monuments to their failure, and there are many less virulent examples. What is required from the new administration, therefore, is above all a more critical and scientific view of the uninhibited capitalism which America propagates, a substitution of reason for ideology. For in the coming clash of doctrines, it is the least doctrinaire which will prevail. The world needs a heretic in the White House.

Comments on the Week's News

Paris

What Happened at Melun

Our Paris correspondent reports: So for the time being M. Ferhat Abbas is not coming to France. M. Ahmed Boumendjel will perhaps return if the French government decides to resume the preliminary discussions with the Algerians on settling the conditions of future negotiations. The results of the meeting at Melun have shown that first impressions were deceptive. It is now possible, in the light of leaks on both sides, the official communiqué of Agence France Presse and the statements of the Algerians in Tunis, to have a better idea about the course of the conversations and the real cause of their disappointing outcome.

The two delegations seem to have begun with a courteous examination of one another's point of view, and their differences did not seem insurmountable. The Algerian demand that Ferhat Abbas should be free to communicate with the press and to move about at will during his stay in Paris could not really have struck the French as outrageous. His delegation would in any case have had to be given means of communicating with Tunis. If during the course of the main negotiations the Algerian leader had desired to reveal his position to the press, he would have had no difficulty in doing so, merely by making use of his teleprinter to Tunis. The fact that the demand was formally addressed to General de Gaulle flowed logically from the fact that it was the French President who had invited Ferhat Abbas to come to Paris. The third point of disagreement – the right to communicate with Ben Bella, titular vice-president of the Algerian Council and a French prisoner since 1956, was purely symbolic. M. Ben Bella has been out of politics for five years and he could not, in any case, have exercised much influence on the course of negotiations. He was important to the Algerians as a matter of principle, not as a means of scoring off the French.

Thus, after the first two days of the Melun talks, it was reasonable to suppose that the points of issue would be resolved and that a joint communiqué would proclaim the next stage of the negotiations. At that point, there was a sharp switch in the attitude of the French delegation. M. Roger Maurice, speaking for the French government, suddenly informed M. Boumendjel that the French position was fixed and not open to negotiation; that Ferhat Abbas would have to be content with whatever treatment the French settled for him and that this was a take it or leave it offer. Why the sudden hardening?

As far as I can find out, it seems to have stemmed from a luncheon between President de Gaulle and General Crepin, Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Algeria. General Crepin appears to have explained to De Gaulle that the news of the arrival of the Algerian delegation in Paris had made an immense impression on the Moslem population, who interpreted it as a victory for the FLN. From that moment onwards, even those Arabs who had stood aside from the conflict or who had been counting on a French victory, made haste to jump on to the FLN band waggon. General Crepin emphasised that the FLN was likely to win back without striking a blow all that the French army had so labouriously struggled for during the previous three years. Obviously, he could hardly persuade De Gaulle to withdraw his offer to negotiate with Ferhat Abbas but he did all he could to convince the president of the need to organise the meeting in such a way that the Moslems could not interpret it as a formal recognition of the status and future authority of the FLN. It was these arguments, far more than the threat of another flare-up among the Europeans in Algeria which pushed the French government into trying to impose at Melun unilateral conditions for the future negotiations.

Peking

The Rumba and the Conga

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: 'Latin America has been transformed from a strictly controlled US "backyard" into a front line against US imperialism', *Hung-ch'i* (Red Flag) told its readers recently. The article continued: 'The Cuban people, who have made great strides in their national democratic revolution, are safeguarding its fruits and opposing firmly the US intervention plot. The people of Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic and Paraguay have launched armed struggles against the US-backed dictatorships'. *Red Flag*, as the journal of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, is stating the party's line in the present concentrated drive against American imperialism.

This new identification of China with the people of Latin America was formally laid down in March when the Sino-Latin-American Friendship Association was set up in Peking. Party members had carried out their instructions faithfully, and messages of welcome were duly received from Argentina, Venezuela, Peru, Mexico, Chile and Cuba. Shortly afterwards the stream of political tourism began to flow; student representatives came to Peking from Cuba, Argentina, Brazil and Honduras; women arrived from ten Latin American countries; professors from Ecuador and Chile; a lawyer from Argentina; a sociologist and physicist from Brazil; a trade union delegation from Brazil, and a delegation from the National Confederation of Oil Workers in Colombia. A grand welcome was given to three visitors from the '26 July Movement' of Cuba. The special guest was William Galvez Rodriguez, Inspector-General of the armed forces of Cuba, who was feted for a month. Many papers carried an account of the banquet given in his honour in Peking and his assurance that 'the Cuban people were determined to unite with the Chinese people in opposition to the US imperialists'.

Chairman Mao Tse-tung's talks with Latin Americans have been widely publicised. *Red Flag* reported Mao's statement: 'The Chinese people, just like the Latin American people, had for long suffered from imperialist oppression and exploitation. The Cuban people, the people of Latin America and the people of the whole world are all friends of the Chinese people and imperialism and its lackeys are our common enemy; but they are a tiny minority'. The *Ta-kung Pao* denounced US military threats and subversive activities against Cuba: 'The torch of the Cuban revolution has lighted the path for the liberation of the Latin American people and encouraged the just struggle of the oppressed people of the world'. The *Jen-min Jih-Pao* wrote at the time of the US suspension of aid to Cuba: 'Cuban people do not care for the putrid US money'.

A delegation of political parties from the Congo has provided opportunities for the press to comment on Congolese independence. Substitute the word Congo for Cuba, and the comments are almost identical. 'Imperialism is our common enemy. The 650 million Chinese people will forever stand by the Congolese people in their struggle for complete independence and freedom. Belgian imperialism will never reconcile itself to its failure in the Congo, and US imperialism will take every opportunity to penetrate into the Congo'. One of the Congolese was reported in the Chinese press as replying to one of these speeches, identifying the peoples of Congo and China, with the remark: 'The US imperialists are no better than the Belgian colonialists; they are even worse. The arms which killed the Congolese were made in the US; the rich natural resources of the Congo, like uranium and cobalt are all sold to the US; even the treasury of the Congo is not in the Congo, or Belgium, but in the US'.

Peking today uses precisely the Leninist phrases which Moscow used in the Twenties, as if neither imperialism nor Communism had changed at all in a generation.

Malta

Mintoff in Dudgeon

Our Commonwealth Correspondent comments: In the same week that a sensible compromise agreement has been reached with Cyprus the Colonial Office is once more facing its other Mediterranean headache in Malta. Lord Perth, who is visiting the Island to try to find the means for creating a new agreed constitution, has been confronted by the same boycott from Mr Mintoff as Mr Macleod encountered six months ago. The former Maltese Labour Prime Minister, angered by the fact that there has been no representative constitution in his Island for more than two years, is simply refusing to meet British ministers. One can sympathise with his anger (particularly when it is remembered that the long negotiations with him were broken off mainly over a small sum of money) and yet deplore his tactics. Ever since the constitution was suspended Mr Mintoff has demanded independence for Malta. It may be that this will have to be the final solution, although it would not safeguard the interests of the Maltese people to the same extent as the now discarded plan of integration. Yet surely the way to achieve independence would be through a new representative constitution in which the people of Malta could speak for themselves. By continuing his boycott, Mr Mintoff is excluding himself and his colleagues from participation in its preparation. It is significant that his powerful ally, the General Workers Union, has refused to follow the Mintoff line.

NEXT WEEK

Africa 1960

II – The Political Changes

J. B. PRIESTLEY
on Charles Morgan

Science

King Charles' Wise Heads

Nigel Calder writes: It can, perhaps, be accounted the chief failure of the Royal Society of London that, after three centuries, the general public is not yet aware of the extraordinary historical importance of the Society's foundation. This month we shall witness the celebrations of the fact that in 1660 a dozen men, meeting in Gresham College, created a society for the Advancement of Natural Knowledge that was, in 1662, granted a charter by Charles II. But these dates and circumstances mean little, except to those few scientists who take a real interest in history and those few historians who have come at last to realise how science and technology shape human affairs.

The Royal Society is the oldest surviving embodiment of the idea of the experimental philosophy. When it was founded this was already an ancient idea, but one which had been from time to time suppressed and more usually forgotten: the idea that the sure road to knowledge lay not in old books but in the natural world itself; not in authority but in inquiry; not in syllogism but in experiment. How the Society came into being amid the political upheavals of the day is interesting, but the consequences of its foundation more so. If the world is a different place today it is due more to the early Fellows and those in whose minds the experimental philosophy has since been continually reborn than to all your emperors and political theorists. (I am longing for the day when that remark is so trite that there is no need for any of us to go on making it.)

It was the founding that mattered, more than anything which the Society has actually done since. The bringing together of like minds, the defining of means of inquiry, the respectability afforded by the charter – all this showed that science had come to stay. No longer need men be doubtful about the value of tinkering around with lenses, crucible and carcasses: the inquiry into the natural world could now proceed on a broad front, using the most powerful instrument devised by the human brain, the scientific method.

Although the consequences of science are still revolutionary, the Royal Society is no longer so, nor has it been for a very long time. It has been imitated all over the world, with national modifications which emphasise how very British is the Royal Society. Nowadays it exerts its influence not by the discoveries which it directly inspires but by virtue of its established authority. Scientists generally discuss important experiments and ideas at conferences of specialists or in the learned journals rather than at the weekly meeting of the Society; and only occasionally does it succeed in bringing together specialists from different fields to discuss scientific problems. Nevertheless, in an unobtrusive way, it exerts a profound influence on the scientific life of the country.

It is a private body, and the Fellows themselves, on the advice of their council, elect those who shall join them. The President of the Royal Society is consulted when the appointments are made of nearly all the senior scientific advisers of the government, including the chairman of the Minister for Science's own Advisory Council on Scientific Policy. The Society is officially represented in a remarkable number of other bodies ranging from the DSIR Research Grants Committee and the National Oceanographic Council to the Chelsea Physic Garden and the Committee of Trustees of *The Times*. It plays an important role in managing the National Physical Laboratory, the Royal Greenwich Observatory and tidy sums of public and private money for research.

The Society does, however, fall far short of the authoritarian power possessed by, say, the Soviet Academy of Sciences; and although it is clear that this semi-official status of a self-elected body could lead to abuses, there is reassurance to be drawn from the example of the great space debate, where the arguments for and against an independent British space programme have been presented with equal eloquence by Royal Society nominees.

Westminster

The Empty Corner

J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: Members can be unfeeling about each other. Does a colleague return to the House after a long illness? Few will have noticed his absence. Does the illness prove fatal? Even friends will be looking up majorities and wondering who will get the vacant seat. So, no doubt, it will be in the end with Nye; but not just yet.

The strange fact that, by the time of his last illness, he was the biggest single unifying influence in his party is only one reason why memories of him here are likely to fade slowly. Though parts of the Palace of Westminster saw little of him – he avoided the central lobby because he did not like being buttonholed by Strangers, and the members lobby because he did not like being buttonholed by journalists, and the tea room because he did not like either the atmosphere or the tea – there are other parts which for years to come will evoke vivid and immediate memories.

The Chamber itself evokes Nye the backbencher during the war, jutting so far forward to thrust at Churchill that he must surely overbalance, acutely aware of the hostility he was arousing and attacking with all the greater ferocity, yet sometimes turning the hostility with a flash of wit as when, condemning the Italian campaign, he stuttered: 'We are supposed to be attacking the soft underbelly of the Axis. Yet here we are, ss-crr-ambling up its backbone'.

At the Dispatch Box one can still see Nye, thrusting back his greying hair with a staccato movement of his left hand and turning to spit schoolboyish abuse at an interrupter or, more often, convulsing both interrupter and the rest of the House with some silkily lilted retort. 'We have always had a financial pool on which local authorities can draw', he was saying.

'It's not a pool,' interrupted Sir Harold Webbe, ex-leader of the LCC, 'it's a puddle.'

'Ah,' said Nye, 'it was a p-p-pool when you went into it and a p-p-puddle when you came out'. He could on occasions philosophise without humour or fire and still hold the House.

Out of the Chamber, in the long corridor which runs from the Speaker's apartments to the smoking room, one can still see him deep in discussion with some colleague as they paraded slowly up and down. From a distance, Nye gave the appearance of listening but, as one came near, one usually heard the familiar words 'Yes, my dear, but don't you see . . .'

Above all one can see him in a special corner of the smoking room, where almost always he sat with his closest friends. Here, while he drank his own whisky and smoked his friend's cigarettes – 'I don't buy them, my dear, but I'll have one of yours' – the debate sparked and flared riotously, whether on German rearmament, the personal characteristics of Lord Dalton or the latest play at the Royal Court. If Nye had seen the play, his analysis would be brilliant. If he had not seen the play his analysis would be both brilliant and dogmatic. Laughter erupted from this corner, drawing into its warmth even Nye's sharpest critics on either side of the House. It was stilled only for the short period after his 1958 Brighton speech when he was uncomfortable with old friends and preferred to sit defensively alone.

When history books have entombed the parliamentarian, the administrator, the prophet in the wilderness and, what he was at the last, the trusted keeper of his party's conscience; the smoking room may still keep alive other memories of Nye, the sensitive aristocrat from the working class, the rumbustious Regency buck from a 20th-century coalfield, the attracter of whirlwinds who longed for lazy peacefulness, needed candid friends, and seldom found either.

Trade Unions

The Gathering Storm

Our Industrial Correspondent writes: The coincidence that the two principal unions engaged in the nationalised industries have this week been simultaneously holding their annual conferences – the miners at Llandudno, the railwaymen at Torquay – dramatises the struggle that lies ahead between them and the government. Each is determined to resist any attempt at decentralising their industry. The railwaymen believe the attack will begin with the publication of the Stedeford Committee report; while the miners make even graver charges against the government. The proposals which Mr Will Paynter, in a powerful speech to the NUM conference, claims the Minister has in mind are too precise to be dismissed as mere rumour. The plan, he alleged, is to transfer to divisional coal boards the responsibility for trading; to create a federal type of national coal board; to impose stricter parliamentary control over capital; and to fix targets for returns on capital, the power being retained to order investigations into industries which fail to reach their targets. Such a policy would have serious consequences for the miners. Coalfield would be set against coalfield in a price and wages war. The weakest would very quickly go to the wall. Pit closures and unemployment would bring disaster to parts of Scotland, Wales, Durham and Northumberland. Any planned capital investment would be impossible. Undoubtedly Mr Paynter was expressing the union's general feeling in calling-up the ghost of 1926 as a symbol of the miners' anger at these proposals. It does, however, seem incredible that Mr Robens will lend himself to such an assault on a nationalised industry. Nevertheless the government must answer Mr Paynter quickly. Everyone knows that some form of decentralising is planned; and the Minister must say what precisely the government wants to do, or hopes to get away with. Inevitably, in this gathering storm, the decisions by both unions to reject the revision of Clause Four, seems to everybody, for the moment, relatively unimportant.

Nye Bevan as I Knew Him

NYE BEVAN is dead and the emotions I feel are despair and love. That may seem commonplace enough; after all I have known him for 25 years, during the last eight of which I have been classed as a 'Bevanite'. But, in fact, I was never one of his close social friends. He had few of these – usually highly unorthodox ones. Conventional social exchanges bored him and he shied away from organised gatherings of any kind as from traps to constrain and imprison his personality. The best way to catch Nye socially was to come upon him by stealth, slipping into the chair next to him in the Smoke Room of the Commons and waiting for the spark of contact to ignite over a drink. Then, indeed, the conversational reward might be great – but it would be distributed indiscriminately to anyone interested enough to join the circle, just as the abuse would be if the spirit moved him. I myself have been frequently dealt with by him in scathing terms. I have been politically abandoned by him, too, more than once. And yet, there it is: I am overwhelmed with despair – and with love.

I suppose the reason is that I know he was too much himself ever to play a part for reasons of expediency or out of loyalty to lesser imperatives such as personal relations. He was, in short, one of the great individualists of our time. And it was this individualism that saved him when he came to London in the Thirties, from the pits into parliament, a poor but golden boy. Because he was brilliant and cultured – and working class – the aristocratic embrace was waiting for him and the lions in every field were eager to welcome him. Because Nye was sensually robust, he enjoyed the fleshpots they offered him; but because he was spiritually robust, they never corrupted him.

But his independence of character brought him problems, too. Teamwork to him was a perpetual affront to that individualism. (The idea that he organised a 'party within a party' was always ludicrous; the Bevanite movement was brought into being in spite of, rather than by, Nye Bevan.) He had to express what was in him at the moment; and, if you agreed with him, you strung along. It is an astonishing tribute to the power of the man that, though loyalty was for him so often a one-sided obligation, so many thousands did string along, with a personal devotion that no other political leader of any party, except Winston Churchill, has been able to command in my day.

We saw it at the Margate conference of the Labour Party in 1955 when he was elected Treasurer. Few of the constituency workers who had voted him faithfully to the top of the poll for the constituency party section for so many years had understood his motive in running for the Treasurership the previous year, thus courting defeat at the hands of the trade unions. They had not grasped his philosophical argument – that he was tired of being the hostage of the constituency parties inside a National Executive dominated by hostile unions or, as he sometimes put it, giving the rank and file the illusion of influencing events when in fact they were impotent. His chances of defeating George Brown, therefore, in 1955 seemed slight. Some unions even talked of finishing him for good this time. Then the result was announced: delegates scrambled over chairs to get at him, sitting modestly in the body of the hall. He was kissed, hugged, thumped on the back. A sense of relief spread over the whole conference, uniting it as it had not been for four years. In that moment, the trade unions accepted Nye Bevan as indispensable.

In the same way, many of those outside the party who have maligned and misrepresented him for years have suddenly realised how much politics in this country will lose by his death. The reason is that by temperament and self-education he was equipped to carry the most civilised challenge of all into the heart of the party argument. As an outsize individualist with an outsize social sense, he was haunted by the dilemma which ought to haunt us all: how can we build a society in which men freely choose to put restraints on their own greed and give their government power to direct the resources of the country for socially honourable and nationally desirable ends?

Nye was a Socialist with an unwavering belief in public ownership, because to him political, without economic, power was one of those forms without content which he contemptuously dismissed as a 'charade'. But as an individualist he could never be anything but a democrat – and he had few illusions about the difficulties of combining the two. He had a deep understanding of the human frailties of the working class and of the trade union movement from which he sprang. That is why the trade unions, even in their bitterest moments of anger against him, never thought of him as an outsider like other 'intellectuals': it was a love-hate relation. After the last election he realised immediately what had happened. The reasons for Labour's defeat were not as rational as those given to the pollsters: they sprang from the primitive hopes and fears of a working class tasting a whole range of new satisfactions for the first time, but only on the uncertain basis of the never-never. The very precariousness of those satisfactions made them the enemy of change. In the last private speech I heard him make he warned 'my friends the trade unions' that, unless they realised the challenge this presented to them to throw their weight as wholeheartedly into the work of political education as into their industrial struggles, this country, too, might succumb to the neo-Fascism now sweeping Europe. The worker as consumer could be successfully divided against himself as producer; or, as he put it, 'the individual trade unionist votes at the ballot-box against the chaos caused by his own wild-cat strikes.'

In one of his last parliamentary speeches he carried the obverse of this argument into the government camp when he warned attentive rows of Tory MP's that their government was failing to solve 'the central problem falling upon representative government in the western world', namely how to persuade the people to forgo immediate satisfactions in order to build up the fixed capital equipment on which future development would depend. The Labour government had failed to solve this problem because, while devoting the necessary resources to long-term ends, it had sacrificed its parliamentary majority in the process. The present government had failed too, but the other way round: it retained political popularity at the cost of industrial stagnation. Having left his listeners to deduce which was the more honourable failure of the two, Nye turned again to his favourite theme: how can we educate men and women in the wisdoms which democracy must acquire if it is to hold its own against more ruthless totalitarian faiths?

Time and again the Commons has sat hypnotised by themes like this. Nye's mastery of parliament was not merely based on his command of oratory: it was due to his power to express Socialism in philosophic rather than narrow party terms. He made it appear like common-sense patriotism, and patriotism in its turn the ally, rather than the enemy, of a wider humanity. The paradox of Nye Bevan was this: superficially the most controversial figure in post-war politics, distorted into a bogyman by the popular columnists (who were sometimes helped in this by the intemperance of his language) he was in fact absorbed by the unifying forces in society. Being a fighter for Socialism never made him into a party hack, for to him Socialism was part of the historical progress of mankind towards higher forms of social relations, the wisdom of which would eventually become self-evident to all reasonable men. And, because he had one of the few genuinely creative minds in modern politics, he could be as empirical as the next man within the broad framework of his philosophy, submitting individual items of policy to a personal scrutiny and often reaching unexpected conclusions which surprised, and even affronted, fellow 'left-wingers' who were pursuing more rigid ideological lines.

This flair for instinctive politics, this playing by ear, often led him into errors of judgment, just as his individualism led him into innumerable errors of tactics, and personal behaviour. It led him, for instance, into arrogance and intolerance, whose effects were exacerbated by his habit of thinking on his feet. This meant he was always in danger of being carried away on a verbal landslide into a morass of lacerating personal remarks, for which he could never bring himself to apologise, preferring to rationalise them instead. Naturally enough, this made him enemies. But always, just when he seemed to have been defeated by his own weaknesses, he would recapture the centre of the stage again by the greatness of his major themes. And as one listened to them, the pettiness of politics melted before the grandeur of man's struggle to civilise his social life.

Nye reserved some of his bitterest contempt for what he called the politics of 'demonology', the need of small men to divide people – and nations – into god-men and devil-men and to seek a spurious security in taking sides. But Nye himself looked always below the surface, whether of Communism or Conservatism, to find out the human motives at work at the heart of them and how they might be influenced by the objective factors at work in society. That is why, despite his cavalier treatment of all of us in turn, he had the power to arouse such an abiding love and to strike a spark of loyalty and hope in quarters all over the globe where he is known only by name. His death impoverishes mankind.

BARBARA CASTLE

London Diary

IRONICALLY, Nye the rebel has died just when his voice was the only one that seemed likely to unify the movement. He had the capacity for inspired leadership; he touched hearts as well as heads. As a natural orator I have not known his equal. Churchill got his effects by elaborate preparations; Nye, by an intuitive understanding of his audience. Like Lloyd George's, his speeches were full of imagery which sounded better than it read; but when he was Minister of Health, he surprised everyone by his grasp of detail. He never made a speech that did not contain Socialist philosophy; he made his case morally and intellectually victorious. He was one of the most persuasive and delightful of conversationalists; he enchanted businessmen who expected him to be the devil. We all of us have many memories, loveable ones, and his wit remains a permanent pleasure. Do you remember him shutting up a grouser who had bucked the Establishment and then complained that he was badly treated? 'Damn it all,' Nye said, 'You can't have both the crown of thorns and the 30 pieces of silver!'

* * *

How bitterly we shall miss Nye at this year's Labour Conference! He was the one man who could have put the new Defence Policy in its right perspective. He made what I regard as one of his greatest mistakes in supporting the 'independent deterrent' at Brighton, but he could have been relied upon this year to give the leadership which the rank and file now so sorely needs. Our scrutiny of the document – which Nye's death caused us to hold over until next week – shows that all depends on its interpretation. On the vital issue of US bases in Britain, it is well known that many supporters of the policy accepted it in the belief that world war is unlikely in the next four years, by which time, they assume, intercontinental missiles will have made British bases otiose. Just how dangerous these bases are today, however, was exposed in the House on Tuesday when the Premier refused to say whether U2 spying flights had been made from this country (as evidence given to the American Senate suggests) and whether they were made without his knowledge!

* * *

I hope there is a good turnout for the Trafalgar Square protest meeting on Sunday against the official visit to London of Senor Castiella, Franco's Foreign Minister. This unsavoury individual – whom Britain once refused to accept as ambassador in London – declared on his last visit to Washington that he was very proud of having won Hitler's Iron Cross for his wartime service in the Blue Division fighting Britain's ally Russia. The visit is peculiarly ill-timed, for news is just filtering through to this country of a further wave of repression in Catalonia. It seems to have been provoked by the singing, at a concert attended by four Franco ministers, of a forbidden Catalan patriotic song. The police are reported to have stopped the singing by laying about them with clubs; afterwards the alleged organiser of the demonstration, a young graduate named Jordi Pujel, who belongs to a right-wing underground group called 'Catalan Catholics', was arrested and tortured. I understand his feet were completely crushed in the process. Afterwards, 200 members of Catholic Action demanded an audience with Archbishop Modrego of Barcelona, and called on him to protest. He refused to believe their stories of police brutality, until some of those present showed their recent scars. Modrego then replied: 'Do you want me to be sent to Cuenca' (a small provincial town) and 'Do you want me to suffer the fate of the Bishop of Oporto?' (exiled by Salazar for criticising his regime). This incident may come as a surprise to those influential British Catholics who defend the Franco regime on the grounds that it upholds 'the freedom of the faith' in Spain.

* * *

Professor Galbraith's 'Affluent Society' is passing into currency very much as Professor Tawney's 'Acquisitive Society' did forty years ago. Tawney made people see the moral wrong and economic folly of a society founded on profit and privilege for the property owner and penury for the worker. Galbraith shows that the essential evils of capitalism have not changed because our society has become 'affluent'. (Some of us have long called it 'the windfall state'.) His criticism of an economy which depends on persuading people to buy more of what they don't need, while starving social needs like education and decent housing, is providing the basis for left Democratic policy in America, as it is here. His analysis of what he calls 'private opulence and public squalor' is the root, for instance, of a pungent pamphlet, *The Big Decision*, written by Arthur Schlesinger Jr, the professional champion of Adlai Stevenson. One result of the affluent society, he shows, is a quite ludicrous confusion of values. I like particularly a little illustration in one of his foot-notes. The Soviet Union he quotes Allen Dulles as saying:

> 'is a materialistic society. They assign a low priority to those endeavours which lead to a fuller life for their people. The attitude they take towards automobiles is a good illustration of this policy.'

Two cars per family and a new one every year is spiritual; public transport at a price the poor can pay is materialistic!

* * *

I learn from a Peking paper a lot about 'young pioneers' in Chinese schools today. They have all the usual Communist features, combining the advantages of boy scout life with a much more practical and constructive form of social service. They also receive, says the *Jen-min Jih-pao*, 'a profound education in Socialism and Communism'. As an example, I am informed in translation that the pupils of the Kuhsiang Primary School in Loyang wrote this poem:

> 'Our feet turn the Yellow River water backwards,
> Our hands pull down the Tai Mountain so that we may use it for a pillow,
> Both industry and agriculture leap forward,
> There is no doubt we will overtake Britain.'

This tells one more about education in China than many long leading articles.

* * *

It is common form for solicitors and estate agents to apply for a reference when letting property. But Mr David James, Conservative MP for Brighton, thought it odd when he received a letter asking him to say whether the Brighton Conservative Party (Kemptown) 'would prove responsible and respectable tenants for premises let at an exclusive rental of £250 per annum, on a full repairing and insuring lease'. But you don't pay an estate agent for having a sense of humour, do you?

My note about Dream Tags produced some delightful additions to the anthology. Mr Peter Mauger tells me that after seeing the film *Smiling Through*, 'I awoke one morning with this verse ringing in my ears:

> 'There's a herd of green elephants under the hill,
> And French Letters have gone up in price,
> And the Government's passed an impossible bill
> Promoting free traffic in lice.'

Mr A. C. Aitken, a mathematician from Edinburgh, recalls another remarkable tag that already appears in the article I quoted from 'Little Billee':

> 'Walker with one eye,
> Walker with two,
> Something to think of,
> Something to do.'

Mr McCausland has some charming novelties from a friend's dreams. One runs: 'She is like a curry tied to a drain pipe', and, dreaming of him, his friend asked: 'What are you doing?' To which he replied, 'I am fizzling academically'. Another fine dream phrase is: 'A bunch of willows in a whizzy wound of stone.'

Mr Singleton from North London gives me this gem:

> 'Only God and Henry Ford
> Have no umbilical cord.'

No Freudian has yet rebutted or supported the allegation that the subconscious has a sense of humour of its own.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Parents of some children who passed the 11-plus examination have refused to let them go to grammar school – because homework would interfere with family televiewing. – *Reynolds News*. (Colin Burton).

Returning to my flat for lunch the other day I was horrified to see three fire engines outside. Ascending the stairs, I met a fireman being shown out, and noticed that he held his fireman's helmet in his arm. I wondered in what other country in the world such inbred politeness would be so apparent with all the hustle and bustle of a fire investigation on hand. – Letter in *Sunday Express*. (C. W. Cannell.)

During the recent spell of hot weather, I saw a number of men working in their gardens and wearing nothing on the upper parts of their bodies.

Even worse, I even saw one man in the street dressed only in shorts.

What is happening to the public's sense of respectability nowadays? I think such an exhibition of repulsive hairy chests is disgusting. If a woman did that she would be charged with indecency. I do not see why the same law should not apply to males. – Letter in *Nottingham Evening Post*. (Sylvia Daniels.)

Lady Manvers, who is nearly 70, and her daughter Lady Rozelle Beattie, 35, have recently returned from a voyage to the Black Sea which took them by way of Turkey during last month's riots there. 'It was not a bit frightening,' Lady Manvers tells me. 'When we landed at Istanbul we went for a drive, but found the streets around the university were blocked by troops and rioting students. The thing which impressed me most was that everyone seemed so poorly clad – even the troops.

'However, despite the troubles, we were still able to buy Turkish Delight from one of the shops that specialise in it.' *Sunday Express*. (Eva Adam.)

A Caribbean Suez?

My plane was met at Havana airport by a trio of Cuban musicians. As we stepped off the aircraft, they set up a ragged rhythm, jigging and sweating in the humid tropical heat, in a wistful and unsuccessful attempt to compete with the roar of engines around us. Their costumes, I noticed, were somewhat jaded, their welcoming smiles a little wan. In fact the whole incident was a pathetic comment on the abrupt collapse of the Cuban tourist industry. My hotel – a bleak edifice in pseudo-Moorish style – was as silent as a mausoleum. Indeed, I seriously believe I was the only guest. The night air was loud with the lamentations of unemployed prostitutes. The tourist shops sagged under the weight of mounting stocks of alligator handbags, jewellery, rum, cigars. As soon as I stepped into the street, I was surrounded by hordes of desperate touts and taxi-drivers, howling in their anxiety to lead me to restaurants, women, churches – anything. These people were practically starving.

Once outside the despairing tourist fringe, a different atmosphere prevailed. I can only describe it in one word: happiness. Whatever else Castro's revolution has done, it has made the people of Cuba happy. Even his bitterest critics admit this, ruefully. It is as if the entire country had been born again. People may not be getting much more to eat, but they now have hope: the poorest little bootblack – who gave me a superb Caterham shine for twopence – now believes that someday, soon, he will come to regard a square meal a day not as an uncertain privilege, but as a right. There is gaiety in the air. The streets bustle with crocodiles of laughing schoolgirls, off to a free performance of the Peking Opera, with jeeps crammed with bearded soldiers and their girls, with coachloads of wide-eyed peasants, brought in to see an agricultural exhibition. At the Institute of Agrarian Reform, which now runs virtually the entire Cuban economy, chaos prevailed – but a happy, enthusiastic chaos of young men and women who have suddenly seized the reins of power and are having fun learning how to use them. It's much too soon, of course, to add up the credits and debits of the revolution. Indeed, it has only just started. Ever since the United States helped the Cubans to throw out the Spaniards in 1898, the US has dominated the Cuban economy to a much greater extent than Britain controlled Egypt's, even at the height of our influence. Until recently, the US took 58 per cent of Cuba's exports and supplied her with 71 per cent of her imports. Of Cuba's 161 sugar mills, 30 (including the biggest) were owned by US interests, supplying 37 per cent of total production. The American Sugar Refining Company alone owned 550,000 acres, the US-owned Atlantica del Golfo 290,000. The big names in the economy were American and Foreign Power (with a $272 million investment), International Telephone and Telegraph, the Rionda Group, Freeport Sulphur, United Fruit, Esso, Texas Oil; indeed, in light industry alone, US investment was almost 50 per cent of the total. And in addition there was – and still is – the $76 million US naval base at Guantanamo Bay.

All these are now to go. Last week Castro warned that he would strip the Americans 'down to the nails in their boots', and there is no doubt that he means it. A great deal of US property has already been taken over – 'intervened' as the Cubans call it. Under one of the revolution's basic laws, no foreigner is allowed to own Cuban land. This means that American Sugar Refining Co. and Atlantica del Rio, as well as such companies as Rionda, which is engaged in cattle ranching, were faced with the alternative of selling or being intervened, and virtually all of them are now being administered by Castro's men. With the seizure of the Esso and Texaco refineries last week, more than 50 per cent of American property is now in the hands of the state. The rest is not expected to survive more than a few months.

The process of intervention is simple and brutal. The revolutionary government simply passes a decree and appoints an intervener. He then goes along immediately to the factory or estate, usually accompanied by a crowd of bearded soldiers and their girls, and just takes over. As a rule, he doesn't even carry a warrant: not a single piece of paper changes hands. Nor is an inventory taken. In theory, intervention is not nationalisation: it merely means the government runs the company pending a decision about its ownership. In practice, however, it is a form of seizure without compensation. For though the government has promised to pay for intervened properties with government bonds, redeemable in 20 years, nobody has yet seen one of them, and so far as I could discover they have not even been printed. Nor have profits on current operations of the intervened companies been handed over. So long as Castro survives, I doubt if any of the companies will get a penny.

In short, the Cuban revolution is a genuine one, and this, ironically enough, is a rarity in Latin-America. Most Latin-American revolutions, even of extreme left-wing complexion, involve little more than a change of personnel at the top. The overthrow of Peron in Argentina and Jimenez in Venezuela, and the subsequent election of left-wing governments there, have led to few structural changes; both these regimes govern under the watchful eye of the armed forces. In Bolivia, where widespread expropriation has been carried out, an immense gulf still separates rich and poor. Even in Mexico, which has had 50 years of 'revolutionary' government, it was recently claimed that there are still over 1,000 *latifundia*, including one of over 500,000 acres. But in Cuba, the wheels of revolution have really begun to bite, and for one very simple reason. Unlike almost every other revolutionary in Latin-American history, Castro did not come to power with the support, active or passive, of the armed forces, but in the teeth of their resistance. In fact, in order to come to power he had to destroy the Cuban military establishment, and this he did totally and forever. Hence, there is no built-in, institutionalised restraint of his policies, not the remotest chance of a counter-revolutionary coup. On the contrary, the revolutionary army is an integral part of the regime and its leaders are the most fanatical proponents of change. Castro, like Mao Tse-tung, was carried to power on the backs of armed peasants, and they will keep him there.

In return, the peasants are to be the beneficiaries of the most thorough land reform ever carried through outside the Communist bloc. By law, estates of over 995 acres (except in the cases of cattle-ranching, sugar and rice, where the limit is 3,316) must be broken up. So far only about 600 peasants have received individual plots, and this is sound policy: the experience of Mexico shows that individual distribution tends to reduce agricultural production. Most of the land will go to cooperatives – around 500 are already in existence – which will be financed and advised by the Institute. Since the Institute has already seized a good many industrial and commercial businesses, it has a ready source of finance, and this year it will spend $160 million on the cooperatives.

The agrarian reform is already a social success, but it is too early yet to judge whether it will be an economic one. In certain fields, it cannot fail to succeed, for under the corrupt Batista regime, Cuba was, astonishingly enough, importing many of her basic food supplies from high-cost US farms. Florida tomatoes, Californian fruit, ham shipped from Chicago – at a cost of over $100 million a year – are now being replaced by Cuban products. But in the major food and industrial crops, it is difficult to discover from the available statistics whether production is rising or falling. Most of the Latin-American economists to whom I talked, however, were convinced that the reform is working. One of them – viewing Cuba from the relative objectivity of the FAO – told me emphatically: 'The Cuban land-reform is the first in Latin-American history to have raised production during the first year of its operation'.

If Castro's regime can successfully exploit the very considerable agricultural resources of Cuba, there is little doubt that his revolution will achieve permanence and stability, and will be widely imitated in the area. But this, of course, will depend largely on his relations with the US, and the extent to which they force him into the arms of the Communist bloc. Cuba's conflict with the US is deeply emotional, on both sides. The Americans created Cuba, as a political and economic entity, much as we created modern Egypt – or France Algeria. There is thus a mutual love-hate relationship, which expresses itself in a hysterical misjudgment of motives on both sides. Americans, high and low, see Cuba as an ungrateful step-child, returning kindness with insult, and now in the hands of a group of rabid Communists, whose principal aim is to create a Soviet base in the hemisphere. The Cubans see America as a nation of ruthless imperialists, whose sole object is to reduce them again to the miserable subjection they endured under Batista. Both views are travesties, but there is just sufficient truth in each for them to win unquestioning acceptance.

The rape of the foreign oil companies is an excellent example of what this common hysteria can produce. When Castro took over, he found that Cuba's reserves were down to $60 million, with short-term foreign debts running into hundreds of millions of dollars. Many of these debts had been accumulated in dubious deals from which leaders of the old regime had profited, and Castro was naturally unwilling to pay them without investigation. With a little goodwill on both sides, the debts could have been sorted out. But instead of goodwill there was bitter suspicion. Castro not only refused to pay, but in some cases has also refused to settle debts incurred since the revolution. These include very large sums owed for refined oil products.

When, last month, the refineries cut off supplies from their Venezuelan fields, pending settlement of outstanding claims, Castro ordered them – under the terms of a 1938 law which obliges the company to refine 'government oil' – to accept Soviet crude, which he had bought below the Caribbean price. They refused categorically, claiming that the law applied only to crude produced in Cuba. This refusal led directly and immediately to their seizure.

Emotions have also poisoned America's relations with Cuba at a political level. The State Department has convinced itself that Cuba is, or soon will be, a Soviet satellite. It is looking for evidence to prove this and naturally it has found a great deal. Superficially, indeed, there are many signs of Communist penetration. The vocabulary of Castro is spattered with Marxist jargon. The first ship I saw in Havana harbour was a new Soviet freighter. There are about 80 Communist-bloc technicians now in Cuba, with more to come. Subsidised Communist literature abounds (some of it is re-exported to other Latin-American countries), and there is a vast and growing flow of exchange-visits. With one exception, all the newspapers are in effect controlled by the government and their reporting and editorials reflect a strong pro-Communist bias. But I found no hard evidence that a single member of the revolutionary junta is a Communist, open or secret. The furthest that Castro has gone is to pronounce anti-Communism as 'counter-revolutionary', which, in Cuba, it certainly is. Unfortunately, America's bitter and growing hostility to the Cuban regime is increasing Soviet influence daily. Several commercial pacts have already been concluded, and there are already rumours of an arms deal. And if Russia ships arms to Cuba – with their accompanying technicians – the danger of an open conflict with the US will become real. Not unnaturally, the Americans regard the Caribbean area as one of their most vital interests, and if the Russians are unwise enough to attempt to set up a base there, the Americans will certainly take action.

The tragedy is that such action can take only one form: direct intervention. Economic pressure is unlikely to be effective. If the US revokes its sugar-quota arrangement (designed in any case more to protect domestic US sugar-beet producers than to benefit Cuba) this will merely transform Cuba's sensible desire to escape from the thralls of a one-crop economy into an imperative necessity. By destroying the old Cuban army, Castro has made himself invulnerable to internal subversion, the classic US method of eliminating awkward Latin-American governments. Nor can the US employ a 'Guatemalan solution'; for this would mean equipping the Batista exiles not just with a few obsolescent aircraft, but with an armada of assault landing craft and a modern air cover. So long as Castro retains the loyalty of the Cuban people – and US hostility will steadily strengthen it – the only way the US can destroy him is by treading in the footsteps of Sir Anthony Eden and launching a Caribbean Suez. This would, at the very least, provoke a series of anti-western revolutions in Latin-America; at the worst, it could involve Russia, for if the Russians are foolish enough to set up a base in Cuba, they would be likely to accompany this with political and military guarantees, which direct American action would invoke.

To be sure, nobody in authority in Washington is yet thinking in these terms. But I was disturbed by the hysterical attitude I found towards Castro among American observers in the area. It reminded me strongly of Eden's fatal obsession with Nasser. As we found in 1956, when emotions take control, political misjudgments are inevitable and are likely to be serious. Since in their present mood we cannot expect restraint from the Cubans, we must hope that Russia does not take unwise advantage of what, in the short run, is a very tempting situation. And the British government, which is now involved through the seizure of Shell, should take immediate steps to urge restraint on the Americans. It is one of the ironies of history that Mr Macmillan may soon find himself echoing to Eisenhower the phrases of pious caution – unregarded alas – which Mr Dulles once lavished on Sir Anthony.

PAUL JOHNSON

Still Waters

We were in Scotland once more and the weather was breaking all the bounds of brilliance. Friends have demurred when I have told them this. It does not do so when they are there, they say. But for me the climate north of Perth has all the limpid *douceur* and cobalt panache of Tunis in April. I speak as I find. The sun frizzles the Grampians and the first coaches of the season were strung across the glens in crawling strings of cheap bright beads.

We were not in a coach, we were in the rear seat of a car belonging to a whisky distiller. The car was far from new and the chauffeur was stiff-necked and elderly, and as we swept on and on over the soft summery tarmac he bickered sedately with his employer about rhododendrons. Rhodies he called them. We filled in what intervals there were in this specialised conversation with small mutual exclamations of appreciation as the scenery was grandly unrolled on either side of us, like enormous pull-outs from the *National Geographic Magazine*.

Occasionally the distiller would stop discussing rhododendrons and turn to us and say, 'Ask me something else.' He meant about whisky. He was taking us to see one of his and the Treasury's founts of affluence. I slightly dreaded this. In the course of a moderately brief existence I had already been shown round a soap factory (totally disillusioning; never do it), a hook-and-eye works, a sugar refinery, a number of printing presses and a brewery, and all that these experiences had proved to me was that industry was either dull or immoral, and frequently both. A glance at the distiller, now seated in profile, suggested that making whisky might prove to be the exception to the rule. His features were set in that curiously indestructible mask, reminiscent of a breathing Raeburn, which gives Scotsmen their look of global authority. I couldn't think what to ask him.

We passed posters showing Barrie's dead-bird face. It was the laddie's birthday, his hundredth, and most of the emerald and vermillion coaches overtaking us, cosily laden with handsome Scottish matrons in heather-mixture suits and cultured pearls, were on the way to Kirriemuir, where the ladies would gloat at Thrums, none of them caring in the very least about David Daiches, of whom it is conceivable they had never heard. Loch Faskally then appeared, burning blue in its resinous hollow. Pitlochry made its granite entrance and then the chauffeur turned the car into a splendid garden and we all got out. This was the distillery.

It had neither the harness-room gloss of a brewery nor the upstage slumminess of a wine chateau. The only sound came from a burn which hurtled down a mountain behind the buildings. The burn was glassily clear like well-sucked toffee. When we bent over it there was a hint of trout and far more than a hint of something else. If one fell in this burn one would emerge staggering, that was certain. We all stared at it and our host stared at it longest of all. Pleasure and gratitude met in his look and following an extension of it I saw that the burn ran straight into a fine big tank.

'So it is the water which makes all the difference,' I said.

'It's the Allt Dour Burn,' said the distiller severely, and it was like being shown Alph.

Utterly sobered by our contemplation of this bacchic brook, mesmerised by its endless promise of intoxicant potential, we turned our backs and followed its owner into a stone room which seemed, at first gaze, to be housing the bridge of the *Britannia*. I expected to see rows and rows of chemists and stokers and young men posing in the kilt for advertisements in the *New Yorker*, but there wasn't a soul about, and the whisky could be heard making itself. It sucked and sighed like a sleeping child. We listened to it laving the walls of the stills, two Bosch-like copper probosces which trumpeted their fumes aloft, and were vast and imminent with impending revelations.

Facing the stills and approached by a dais of fretted iron was obviously a very important thing indeed, a plate-glass and gleaming brass reliquary, sacred, bound and locked. All it contained was two fish-floats, some bowls and two gushing spouts. Through these spouts burst the Allt Dour Burn, only now it was whisky. We watched its slightly clinging descent. The perpetual spurt of honey-dark spirits was hypnotising. No Victorian tantalus ever teased the eye like this cabinet of ceaselessly flowing drink. But its illimitableness, plus its untouchability, combined to produce that mixture of fascination and apathy with which one watches a steeplejack.

The distiller, who had been filming his shrubbery all this time, returned to find us weighed down with solemn conjecture on account of the whisky cabinet and the sad descriptions with which all the things in the still were labelled. These were a positive Roget entry for satiety and exhaustion. Spent Lees, Burnt Ale, Feints, Spirit Receiver . . . it was all very salutary and oddly in keeping with the mood of the *Rubaiyat*.

So, somewhat dazed, we followed our host out to the dazzling room where the whisky was conceived into the warehouses where, as far the eye could see, in butts and barrels first drenched in sherry, high on staggering racks and canopied with cobwebs, the hangover of nations reclined in torperous gestation. Twelve to 20 years it takes and then it is blended. The distiller was reserved about this for the intimacies of blending, like the intimacies of marriage, are not suitable for general conversation before tea. The details were primly withheld, though on them rested such things as fame and fortune.

The shady transepts tingled with whisky fumes; it was bouquet by the acre. It clung

to our clothes and stippled our skins with a boozy anticepticism. Two per cent of all the whisky got away, we were told. It sneaked out of the sherry butts and was never seen again. Two per cent of half a million gallons is a lot of whisky never to see again, yet there is a poetic satisfaction in realising that the Allt Dour Burn achieves its Nirvana, not in the kidneys of an ex-raj colonel, but in an ecstatic mist on the Grampians.

Our visit was nearly over, as they say in the Dimbleby travelogues. A few workmen had appeared and we watched them as if they had been Dinkas. But they weren't making whisky, they were discussing shrubs and golf, and occasionally going off to look at the fishing-float things bobbing about in their bowl of drink. They were each allowed to drink a dram of whisky a day, which isn't quite the same as working in a chocolate factory, where one can eat as much as one likes. Far more than a dram was brought to us, as we sat in a board-room surrounded by breezy tartan curtains and brown photographs of distillery workers. The whisky we were given came out of a kind of test-tube and was an oily warm gold. It went up inside my face and made comforting little nests under my eyes, and it made caressive and intimate forays into every nerve of my system. Love was never like this.

I was still tremulous with pre-tea bliss when I climbed into a sleeper of the Flying Scotsman at Edinburgh that night. Sir Compton Mackenzie was in the next compartment, having been hustled there at the last minute by a properly solicitous Waverley Station porter. When I woke and saw Peterborough dithering by and felt a clinker where my heart should be it was vaguely reassuring to remember this.

RONALD BLYTHE

View from Frognal

The Arts and Entertainment

Picasso at the Tate – I

THE Picasso exhibition at the Tate is in fact two exhibitions in one – a retrospective selection of 210 paintings, and a showing of the series of 58 canvases painted between August and December 1957 which includes the 44 variations on *Las Meninas*. A selective view of the whole is combined with an undiscriminating close-up of one of the parts; each lends perspective to the other; we couldn't wish for a more illuminating way to see Picasso. That is, if we are to see him in terms of his painting alone. The question is how far such an artist can be understood in these terms. It is arguable that since 1930 Picasso has done as much important work in sculpture as in painting. And a Picasso exhibition without drawings is not like a Cézanne exhibition without them, it's like one of Ingres without them. But the question seems academic when confronted with the richness of the exhibition as it is. I gather that Picasso asked that it should be confined to paintings. If he wanted to make a point he's made it.

Meanwhile at the O'Hana Gallery in Carlos Place, there is an exhibition of 45 drawings, pastels and water-colours of 1901-05 and 24 bronze figurines of 1945-47. An opportunity to see Blue Period drawings is exceedingly rare and it shouldn't be missed.

The Tate show, organised by Roland Penrose for the Arts Council, offers about as good a selection of Picasso paintings as could be put together in a naughty world. Certain key works, such as *Guernica* and the *Gertrude Stein* portrait, are missing either because they can't be spared by the museums which own them or have already travelled too much and so suffered deterioration. But the list of absent key works is considerably shorter than that of those which are present. Phases or aspects of Picasso's work that are especially well represented are the Blue and Pink Periods, the neo-classical nudes of the early Twenties, and the years 1925-32 (probably the strongest section of the exhibition); the *Meninas* series makes a splendid climax where the *Femmes d'Alger* series which formed the culmination of the big Paris retrospective exhibition in 1955 had the opposite effect.

The so-called Negro Period is not as well represented as was hoped, because the paintings promised by the Moscow and Leningrad Museums have not been sent, though they may yet arrive. The choice of analytical-cubist works seems to me too biased towards the darker, more dramatic, pictures; also, though there are a dozen of them, I personally could have done with more (including *L'Arlésienne*, which is unaccountably not among the several paintings borrowed from the Chrysler collection). There is a shortage of important still lifes of 1919-25. And the section covering the late Forties is weak: it is true that most of the major works of this period are in the museum at Antibes and immovable, but there are many fine little pictures in private hands; and in particular the important series of heads of 1948-49 that relate in style to the large still life, *The Kitchen*, which is included, and are more innovatory than almost anything Picasso has done since the war, is far from adequately repre-

sented by No. 182. But these are minor quibbles about a generally first-rate selection.

The presentation is excellent (apart from one piece of sheer folly, the sky-ing of No. 268, the big collage of 1937-38). It really is exhilarating to see the Tate for once looking something like a museum of modern art. It goes to show how much can be achieved with some white paint and a few screens. The Tate's biggest problem, of course, is the height of its walls, and not the least delight of the Picasso exhibition is that it has enforced the removal of the Tate's Impressionist pictures to the basement, with its relatively low ceiling, where they are seen to advantage for the first time in this building. Two of the Picasso rooms have had their ceilings lowered with velaria. These, because they get dirty so quickly, offer no permanent solution, but other rooms show how much can be done with screens and a simple batten round the walls to lower the apparent height, the effective height, of a room. As to white walls, they may be an easy way out, but are surely the sensible thing in galleries like these which are constantly being re-hung with different works.

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Real Don

IN 1891 Shaw glumly wrote that he had been in search of a satisfactory performance of *Don Giovanni* since childhood, but that he had little hope of finding it in his lifetime. Today's child or today's Shaw is more fortunate; he can go to Glyndebourne, where a more-than-satisfactory performance of *Don Giovanni* has graced this season's repertoire since last Friday. The Don himself (Ernest Blanc) does not appear to have pleased everyone, perhaps because he avoids the traditional tricks by which those less talented make this a 'commanding' role. Although nowadays it is perhaps too much to expect an unforced virility of phrasing in the Don's presto aria, this was for the most part a credibly heroic sinner. But how much finer it would have been if Blanc lent more of an ear to Mozart's irony. Da Ponte points the way – musically there is no difficulty in the shockingly tender irony of 'Là ci darem la mano'. The sugar has entered the spirit of the preceding recitative, and especially its last four bars. But Blanc's 'little house' might have been a Corner House, for all the tone he gave his recitative, and the subsequent duet never quite found its true home – a home whose walls are the recurrent cadential crescendo that has so often been imitated in its ironic effect but which remains inimitable in the fastness of its supreme context.

The conductor, John Pritchard, handles this kind of heightened irony with as fine a sense of style as he does the buffo elements and the Romantic tragedy of the *minore* episodes. He is not so secure in Mozart's more oblique passages – for instance the bare staccato triplets that accompany the Commendatore's dying breaths, or the almost Brahmsian legato that soothes Donna Anna's crazed enquiry for her father. At such moments the performance seems about to run into the shallows; but it is always rescued either by Mr Pritchard himself or by one or other of the largely excellent cast. Miss Joan Sutherland's Donna Anna has been justly praised, but the Donna Elvira and to a lesser extent the Zerlina seem scarcely adequate to the purely musical demands; a voice alone is not enough even if you like it, and if you don't, its instrumental efficiency is so much slate on a blackboard.

The applause suggested that Geraint Evans's Leporello is the favourite of the audience. Mr Evans deserves his popularity; this performance is in every way superior to his Falstaff, and it shines the more brightly because it humbly serves the mastery of the Don. It is a cliché to say that Leporello is a mirror to his master, but Mr Evans gives the mirror a fresh perspective at Glyndebourne. The famous 'catalogue aria' is purged of the thumb-prints left by generations of classical disc-jockeys, and is shown to be the very centre of Mozart's tragic irony in *Giovanni* – an irony that is vested not only in the celebrated turn from A through B flat, but in the whole character and situation of the aria. Long may Mr Evans and the producer, Günther Rennert, succeed in defending the aria against every audience's natural desire to reduce it to an inspired comic turn!

Herr Rennert's distinguished production still has some minor weaknesses, chiefly in relation to the music. These may yet clear themselves up, but there is no hope for certain of Ita Maximovna's outdoor sets, which are barely recognisable as the work of the artist who designed last year's *Fidelio*. The Cemetery scene is handsome, and the Supper Scene is adequate up to the point when Mozart, with the cataclysmic diminished seventh which heralds the entry of the stone guest, makes the task of producer, designer and lighting expert almost impossible. How to match that gesture, both in itself and in the immensity of its correspondence with the same diminished seventh chord, to which (as Dallapiccola points out) the Commendatore falls in the first act? It is not easy – but then *Don Giovanni* is not an easy work, and that is why Shaw had so little hope of attending a satisfactory performance, and why Glyndebourne deserves especial praise for this new production.

DAVID DREW

The Price of Period

THE end of *A Man for All Seasons* left me puzzled: what had gone wrong? Robert Bolt's play is, on any count, serious and intelligent. Noel Willman gave it the full Brechtian treatment in his clear, economical production. For Chorus it had Leo McKern shouting away in his inimitable style; he is the only actor who can make a fortissimo sound both intimate and insinuating. Then there was Paul Scofield who had thrown all his habitual panache to the winds and emerged as a gentle, restrained, ironic Sir Thomas More, looking for all the world like a rather ill and donnish Fred Astaire. There was good supporting acting from Willoughby Goddard, Andrew Keir, Pat Keen, and Alexander Gauge. So what went wrong?

There's no point in being fooled by the Brecht mannerisms into comparing Mr Bolt with the Master. Brecht's innovations have changed theatrical style a little and now are there for anyone to use, without automatically setting himself up in competition with the old firm. Anyway, Mr Bolt's Brecht is only skin deep. A little tinkering would convert the play into a plain historical drama.

But that's it. For all the intelligent, crisp writing, the play never quite got away from the world of historical romance, that land of make-believe where everybody's suburban worries swagger around in fancy dress. For period costume is a substitute for depth of analysis. Provided you dress the actors up, you can get away with types instead of people. In a costume play you can tell a man's morals by the cut of his gown. Why, for example, were we never given the reason for Cromwell's savage hounding of More? 'But look,' you say, 'it's plain he's an evil man. Look at his sneer, his red gown and his stoop. He's a clear case of motiveless malignity.' But then, by the same standard, More suffered a motiveless martyrdom. There was not enough weight of human truth in his make-up to endow him with more than a pointless good. That is why Scofield, for all his efforts, never quite got away from the small, dry, donnish note, and why despite all the talk of politics, diplomacy and corruption, the plot seemed more appropriate to C. P. Snow's Cambridge than Wolsey's England. There is something a little cosy about historical romance. It flatters your preconceptions and you come out feeling, in the moral sense, good. Real art, on the other hand, is unsettling and not at all jolly. Tragedy purges the emotions through pity and fear, but historical romance, however tragic and well done, ends simply by cheering you up.

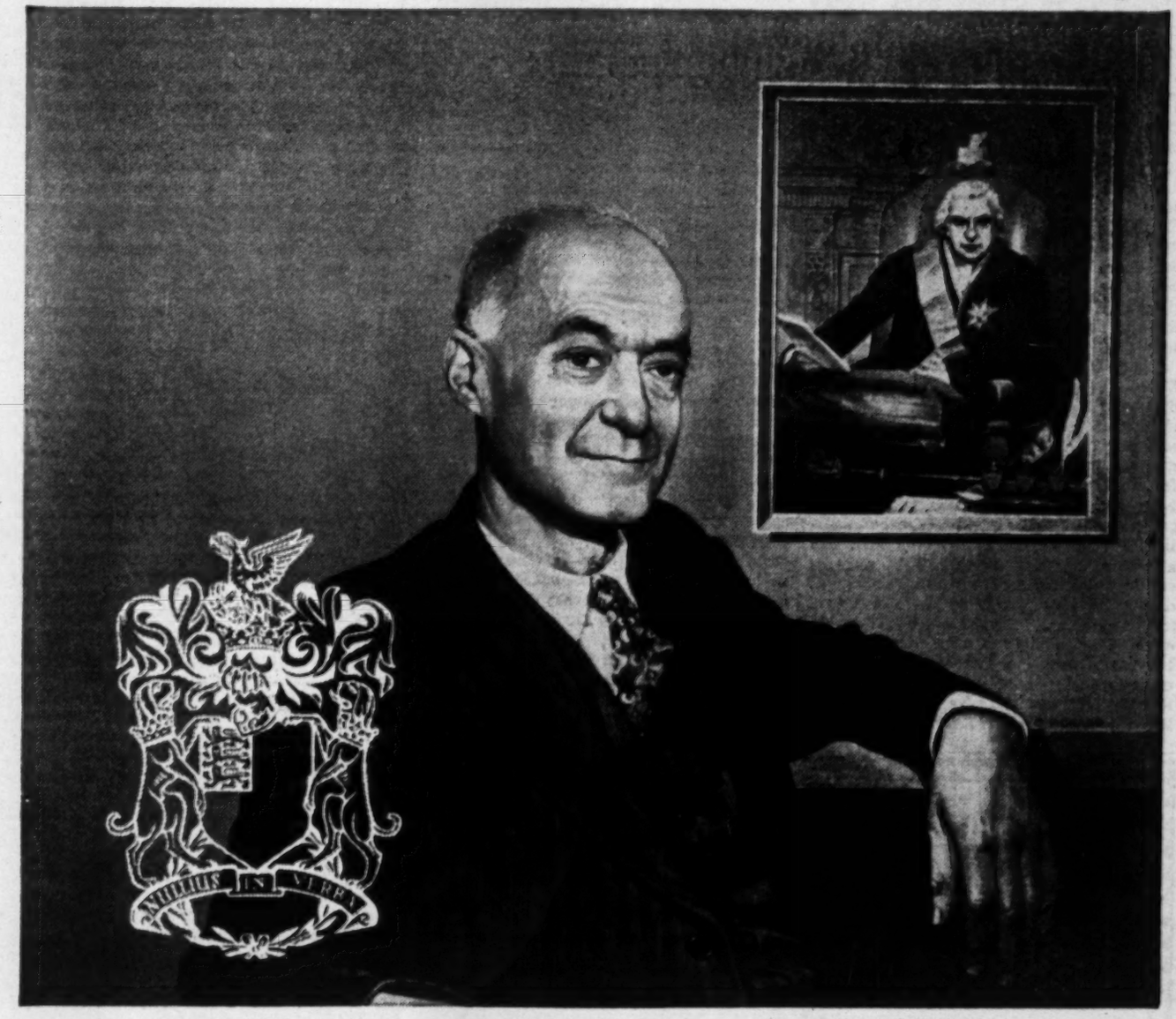
Since Joan Littlewood achieved her glowing successes in the West End, we forget that the main purpose of her Theatre Workshop is to bring live drama to Stratford E. But her production of Jonson's *Every Man In His Humour* does precisely that – no more, no less. It is a good repertory performance which makes its points firmly and without any show of brilliance. (I wonder if she needs second-rate work – like Behan's or Dekker's – to inspire her directing genius?) But it came across strongly and the audience, which when I saw it seemed mainly local, enjoyed it.

It goes without saying that she has monkeyed a good deal with the text. Master Matthew, the poetaster, quotes Shakespeare not Kyd. There are local jokes, interjections and backchat Jonson never dreamed of. But why not? Theatre Workship has never catered for the purists and Miss Littlewood at least gets over the feeling of Jonson's topical satire more strongly by bringing it within the range of the audience.

The crux is whether, in giving the play an up-to-date snappiness, she has translated simply the Elizabethan obscurities or the whole play, whether we are left with Jonson or Littlewood. For Miss Littlewood's version of Cockney humour is a peculiarly modern affair. It is all throw-away, corner-of-the-mouth stuff, all wryness and self-irony. This may be the comic style now, but if so, it is because the Cockneys have become just a bit Americanised. A great deal of the present production has more in common with *Guys and Dolls* than with *Every Man In His Humour*. It never approaches that stringently intellectual note that Jonson sounded even in his toughest, rawest satire. Miss Littlewood does not help matters by encouraging the cast to ham up the humour. It takes very talented comics indeed to pile on the slapstick without ending up like so many schoolboys on a lark. The present company is not the most polished Stratford has produced.

But they have great energy and, like the audience, seemed to enjoy themselves. Bob Grant was particularly good as a kind of Victorian melodrama parody of the jealous Kitely. He spat, rolled his eyes and slunk about with great aplomb and finally survived one of the most spectacular falls since this drama critic left North Wales. There was some

Salute to the Royal Society



Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, O.M., President of the Royal Society in its tercentenary year, is a worthy successor to a line of distinguished predecessors, among the greatest of whom were Christopher Wren, Isaac Newton, Joseph Lister and Ernest Rutherford. Although the originality of his researches at Oxford — where some of the original group of philosophers held many of their meetings before the Society was formally constituted — have gained him an international reputation as a scientist, he has a wealth of other interests. He is a gifted linguist, an all-round scholar, a competent painter in oils and a connoisseur of Chinese porcelain. Such breadth of interest is very appropriate in the chief representative of this illustrious Society, for modern science is by no means synonymous with narrow specialisation. The President is here portrayed against the Society's fine portrait of the great Sir Joseph Banks, who held office from 1778 to 1820.

While the Royal Society can look back with justifiable pride on three centuries of scientific achievement, it has no need to rest its reputation on the glories of its past. Today it is as vigorous as ever it has been, not only playing a leading role in British science but exerting an influence on scientific affairs throughout the world. Fellowship — which now totals a little over six hundred — is conferred only after the most searching assessment, and is the greatest distinction British science can offer. The Society represents an unrivalled store of scientific knowledge, which is always freely available in the national interest.

Much of the Society's most important work — for example in publishing the results of research, administering parliamentary grants-in-aid, and in maintaining relations with scientists in other countries — is from its very nature unspectacular. But it is also closely concerned with the recent developments that have so powerfully stimulated the imagination of the public. As a contribution to the International Geophysical Year the Society established a base at Halley Bay in the Antarctic, thus maintaining its tradition of scientific exploration in the remote parts of the world. In the exploration of space, in which it has been taking an active interest since 1955, it is concerned with co-ordinating British scientific research in the universities and government establishments.

The Royal Society is heir to a great tradition but its future, in what will clearly be a period of unparalleled progress in science, promises to be no less splendid than its past.

This is one of a series of special advertisements issued by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited as a tribute to the Royal Society in its Tercentenary Year, and as a public acknowledgement of the inspiration it has afforded to British Industry.

ICI

slick, breathless wide-boyism from Victor Spinetti as Brain-Worm, and a pleasantly Blackpool-Pier Matthew by Roy Kinnear.

A. ALVAREZ

This Nanny!

THE July *Encounter* contains an inquiry by Derek Hill into the nature and habits of film censorship in Britain. It will come as an eye-opener to many; even regular filmgoers have only the haziest notion of what lies behind that certificate flashed up. 'S. W. Harris': who's he? Sir Sidney Harris, President of the British Board of Film Censors, the man responsible; he is 83. The name will soon change to Morrison. Lord Morrison of Lambeth is 72. But what difference will that make so long as fundamental attitudes that persisted for 47 years remain?

That exceedingly curious body, the British Board of Film Censors, was set up by the industry to wield effective power while legal right remained with the local authority (and still does). That it has power and uses it may be judged from the fact that of the feature films we see *more than half* have been cut. Others have been banned altogether or dismissed with threats of emasculation. All this of course for our good. Did a censor ever act otherwise? It was for our improvement that *Potemkin* was banned during 29 long years; we were protected from *Mother* and *Martin Luther; La Coquille et le Clergyman* was kept out of sight because 'if there is a meaning it is doubtless objectionable'; and the Board refused Room's *Bed and Sofa* as 'disgusting' and Richard Massingham's *Tell Me If It Hurts* for 'ridiculing the dental profession.' From an examination of these and similar examples Mr Hill has been able to establish certain principles practised though never admitted by the Board. Most vulnerable are:

(1) Censorship is 'not political': but must always resist attack on authority, whether the dental profession or the British way of life.

(2) Violence is good clean fun in horror films such as *The Stranglers of Bombay*: but must not be admitted in a serious cause, *e.g.* in the anti-war *Paths of Glory* or the anti-capital-punishment *I Want to Live*.

(3) Muck-raking is to be disallowed at home. 'Social comment does not necessarily mix with entertainment.' 'We're not faced with this sort of thing from British producers.' There is no objection to our viewing the results of self-criticism from abroad, so long as we do not deeply criticise ourselves.

The usual taboos on sex, religion, and incitement to crime are less crippling if somewhat idiotically tangled. Sex may be spicy but not argumentative, homosexuals must be funny, Christ cannot be represented on the screen unless powerful commercial interests insist (*Ben Hur*). Among these absurdities Mr Hill picks his way with delicate documentation.

But to get back to the three interdictions: against criticism of authority, deterrent use of violence, and satire in general. Their seriousness lies not only in films reaching us slashed or not at all but also in the nip-in-the-bud habit that has crept in over the years, so that today 80 per cent of film scripts are automatically submitted to the Censor. If he indicates cuts, cuts are made; if he rules 'dangerous!' or 'inadvisable!' there is little chance of the film being made. Lorenza Mazzetti proposed, after the success of her *Together*, a sympathetic film about Teddy boys: she was told that, unless it concluded unequivocally *against* them, no certificate would be issued. So the film wasn't made. Again, Michael Croft's novel *Spare the Rod* came up for assessment, was rejected on the grounds of being subversive to discipline, and now after six years is likely to take the screen as a light entertainment featuring Max Bygraves. Is it any wonder that, with a Censor fingering the pie before it's cooked, British films come out the sad dough they do?

The case against the present censorship is that it is politically antiquated, that it lowers standards, and exercises a crippling drag on the growth of a serious and healthy British cinema. In the end almost anything may go as entertainment; art and ideas must be resisted. It is the same battle Shaw fought with the Lord Chamberlain over Ibsen.

What is the conclusion? That the British Board of Film Censors should be either drastically overhauled, or abolished. Novels and the Press get along, not too calamitously, without this Nanny; why shouldn't films? The whole matter is to be raised in the House on 14 July by Mr Stephen Swingler, who will demand a public inquiry; and it's to be hoped that, with the airing given by Mr Hill, reason and realism may at last see the day.

Among current films *Roses for the Prosecutor* (Gala-Royal), directed in the West by Wolfgang Staudte, formerly of the East German DEFA, makes a fair bid at satire on tyranny; if it kept up its beginning it would be a masterpiece. And new-wavish at the Cinephone, Jacques Doniol-Valcroze's *The Game of Love*, some way after Renoir and Louis Malle, pursues love-in-a-castle with dizzy virtuosity.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The London Magazine

★ The July Number now on sale (3s 6d.) is an enlarged number, with a Symposium on the Theatre: A NEW ENGLISH THEATRE? Contributors include **John Arden, Ronald Duncan, Jeremy Kingston, Norman Marshall, Alan Pryce-Jones, Robert Shaw, John Whiting** and **Casper Wrede**. In addition there are short stories by **Jean Rhys** and a new American author **William Butler**; an article by **Malcolm Cowley**, SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S EPIPHANIES; and poems and reviews by **John Holloway, C. V. Wedgewood, W. W. Robson, James Michie, Terence Tiller, Rayner Heppenstall, Roy Fuller, Malcolm Bradbury, Eric Mottram** and **Charles Osborne.**

★

COMING IN AUGUST

★ New stories by **V. S. Pritchett** and **Samuel Selvon.**

The Anti-Critic

'CRITICS should describe, not prescribe,' claims M. Ionesco, kicking against the pricks, but as he's incapable of objectivity it's a pity he can't approximate to Beckett's massive silence. The odd article in the press, yes, the occasional speech, yes; but when it comes to the labour of writing plays in order to refute critics – and *The Shepherd's Chameleon* and *Victims of Duty* (at the Arts) are two such plays – then it's time to cry stop! Because they are inevitably bad.

In *The Shepherd's Chameleon* Ionesco is discovered pondering over his new play (title – *The Shepherd's Chameleon*). He is interrupted by three identical critics, Bartholomews 1, 2, and 3 respectively, who announce that they are to show him how to write it. An old joke but it begins well. Each critic's successive but identical entry re-starts the action; but the logic of this opening is abandoned because M. Ionesco is impatient to show his critics as bumbling dolts. Instead of demonstrating the absurdity of apparently erudite statements he gives them nonsense to mouth. The result is a feeble smashing of aunt-sallies, a blatant piece of special pleading.

Victims of Duty is longer and yet more disastrous, an attack on the idea that nothing new is possible in the theatre, a self-indulgent romp, an out-dated dada joke, less original than A. A. Milne's one-acter *The Crimson Coconut* and infinitely more pretentious. A botched job from the start, it is further botched by a production that tries to get pace from speed instead of timing, and which makes no attempt to clarify the play. The audience is at a loss to know exactly what was *intended* to be funny, the fault of Clifford Williams, the producer, rather than of the playwright. Within the resultant muddle can be seen the remnants of the play M. Ionesco might have written, but M. Ionesco is now breaking rules for the sake of breaking rules. The play examines a little man's bewilderment and hopes, and it achieves a useful condensation by using one character as his wife and mother, and one character as his father and as a threatening policeman; yet the writing shows a sad abandonment of control.

'Critics should not prescribe . . .' but M. Ionesco has suffered from a *lack* of informed criticism. If critics are his worst enemies it is because of their blanket endorsement or rejection of his work. Indiscriminate praise is as corrupting as indiscriminate blame. He is an ill-disciplined playwright with brilliant ideas, but his technical faults are accepted either as proofs of his modernity, or are used to obscure his talent.

Oliver! – Lionel Bart's musical (at the New) seems set for a long run. Members of local operatic societies should enjoy it; nothing to offend anyone, story-line from *Oliver Twist*, chorus of little boys from theatre schools, and the feeling that, given the money, the local operatic society could put on a performance almost as professional and even more jolly. But there is no real joy here, and the end is wrecked by over-condensation of the story line, ludicrously inadequate 'mood music', and inept production. The murder of Nelly is a classic example of a *coup-de-théatre* falling flat. Ron Moody as Fagin delighted the audience, Georgia Brown was good but slightly miscast. Sean Kenny's set, like a fantastically elaborated instrument of execution, is marvellous to watch.

KEITH JOHNSTONE

Good for the BBC

For once, there was no difficulty in choosing between the channels last Sunday. On paper, for most of the evening, the BBC was a 'must'. *Meeting Point* confronted Donald Soper with three men who questioned him about the Christian in politics; *The Long Hot Summer Days* was a composite documentary on South Africa which, having seen the series that it had been condensed from, we knew would be superb; the play was the long-anticipated 'western with a message', *A Town Has Turned to Dust;* and *Monitor* advertised both a miners' brass-band carnival and an 'impression' of Picasso.

Do 'musts' ever live up to their paper promise? Some of these didn't, quite; yet the impulse to switch, 'just to see what it's like', was never too strong – and indeed, if one compares this four hours' viewing (which also included *The News,* twice, and a poorish *Bob Hope Show*) with what's available, in one evening, on any other television service in the world that I know of, one's patriotic devotion to the BBC is fortified. (True patriotism, of course, does not imply 'My Corporation right or wrong', any more than kinship means that every family is a model of harmony.)

Soper is so practised an answerer of questions, and those fed to him by his gentle interrogators were such expectable sitters (he even helped them out, once or twice, with 'You might have put it like this . . .'!), that there was no sharp clash in this *Meeting Point.* He produced some good dicta – 'I accept compromise, because you can't drive any human vehicle through any gate without getting some of the paint rubbed off' – and his calm assurance was as impressive as his fluency. I only wish that the BBC had risked the 'unedifying' spectacle of Christians quarrelling in public (it's done all the time, since long before Nicæa) and matched Soper with a tough antagonist of some academic or ecclesiastical stature.

A Town Has Turned to Dust was written by Rod Serling and produced by Alvin Rakoff, and its central figure – a boozy sheriff who acquiesces in the lynching of a young Mexican and then has pangs of conscience – was played by Rod Steiger. This is a formidable team, and it is hard to pin down just what went wrong with their product. Partly, I think, it was the shape of the play. In plays with this sort of background, we are so used to a different pattern – a gradual build-up of tension, a long argument culminating in the lynching, or its prevention – that when, as here, the supreme moment of physical horror, the lynching itself, occurs early, and most of what follows is a spiritual agony, a dissection of motives, and a plea for tolerance and compassion, it is hard to avoid some sense of anti-climax: we are adjusted to a thriller, we have to readjust to a sermon. The didacticism – admirable and necessary as the lesson is – palled; and Mr Steiger, a humane and sincere man, was so deeply involved in the message that he strained too hard to put it across and so 'acted' too consciously. Since this was a telerecording, it would be worth asking Mr Rakoff to try to cut it by about twenty minutes.

As for *Monitor:* the brass-band item was delightful, with only a scarcely perceptible touch of tongue-in-cheek satire, and a lucky shot of an unlucky Labour audience scattering in a sudden downpour. The Picasso item contained extracts from a film already well-known to cinema-goers; its visit to Douglas Cooper's château would have been stimulating as well as instructive if Mr Cooper had been induced to say something controversial about the Tate exhibition.

Now *Monitor* rests for two months, but the gap will be filled with an anthology of extracts from earlier editions. Such repeats are welcome; but why call a fill-in a 'festival'? Why, by using words pretentiously, devalue them?

TOM DRIBERG

Hercules, at Sadler's Wells

Hercules is the first of two offerings by the Handel Opera Society at Sadler's Wells this week. It is an oratorio and well suited to modern performance, but its libretto is tentative. However, the conventions of baroque opera have to be accepted and the producer must find a way of interpreting them for a modern audience. Ande Anderson's realistic treatment did not entirely solve the problem, but there were scenes of great visual beauty – in particular two choruses where Ralph Koltai's fine set was lit to reveal the frieze-like warning figures behind. Monica Sinclair was not in best voice in Dejanira's love and jealousy arias, but she was superb in the mad scene, the highlight of the work. Of the other singers Jacqueline Delman and Johanna Peters were the most effective; Forbes Robinson was an over-bluff Hercules. Charles Farncombe drew fine playing from the Philomusica. The chief delight, though, was simply to hear this glorious music.

P. J. B.

Correspondence

McCARTHY RIDES AGAIN

SIR, – There is a widespread view that McCarthyism is dead in America. Certainly anyone who has visited the US recently will agree that the atmosphere of fear common in the universities and liberal organisations a few years ago has largely disappeared. But I was surprised during a stay in January and February to find that men and women are still being imprisoned for refusing to cooperate with Congress inquisitions into political beliefs.

The Lower House of Congress has a committee on 'un-American activities'. The Senate has a committee on internal security. Both of them summon the attendance of private citizens of leftish views.

I was given particulars of the case of Lloyd Barenblatt, an instructor in psychology at Vassar, one of the leading women's colleges. He was summoned to account for his activities as a student in a left-wing club in the early Forties. When asked to name his associates in the club, he declined. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A second case was Dr Willard Uphaus, a graduate of Yale divinity school and a lay preacher. He refused to divulge the guest list of the summer camp of the World Fellowship, a pacifist organisation. He was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment.

Two other cases were those of Dr H. Chandler Davis, editor of the *Mathematical Review,* who, like Barenblatt, belonged to a left-wing society when a student, and Paul Rosenkrantz, an immigrant worker whose brilliance won scholarships which took him to the university as a student of philosophy.

These four were already in prison when I left America. Thirty-two more faced the prospect of imprisonment, including Harvey O'Connor, the distinguished author of *The Empire of Oil,* and Carl Braden, known to many of us by his courageous challenge to race discrimination in the South, the story of which is told by his wife in the memorable book *The Wall Between.*

Note for next week

ITV Monday July 11, 6.13
WHO GOES NEXT?
CROSSMAN, THORPE
THORNEYCROFT
Views on the news of the day

ITV Wednesday July 13, 5.00
ZOO TIME
The Hunters and the Hunted

ITV Thursday July 14, 5.00
FOUR FEATHER FALLS
The childrens' Western with a difference

ITV Thursday July 14 9-35
'Country Cousins'
A Manchester School Play
–by Harold Brighouse

ITV Thursday July 14, 10.35
WHAT THE PAPERS SAY
Discussed by Bob Manning of 'Time-Life'

ITV Friday July 15, 9.35
'ON TRIAL'
The Baccarat Scandal

ITV Friday July 15, 10.35
APPOINTMENT WITH
Jacques Soustelle
Malcolm Muggeridge interviews the man de Gaulle sacked

GRANADA TV NETWORK

I was surprised how little notice these cases were arousing in America. McCarthy did not send a single individual to gaol. Now Washington committees are sending 36 men and women of principle to gaol.

Perhaps if those in Britain who cherish liberty express their dismay that this should be happening, the same American opinion which asserted itself against McCarthyism may be stirred to protest against its successors.

FENNER BROCKWAY

House of Commons

LABOUR'S DEFENCE POLICY

SIR, – I can understand your eagerness to meet the Labour Party's recent defence statement halfway because I share it. But, since the safety of the country is at issue, we must surely not reach for a pillow of dubious compromise merely because we are all heart-weary of controversy.

Understandably enough, the statement is not so much a cold scientific examination of strategy as a political document: hence its ambiguities.

Only two new decisions appear in it: (1) that we are no longer to endorse the preposterous bluff that Britain would ever be silly enough to *initiate* a nuclear war which would be the end of her, and (2) that we shall no longer seek to be 'an independent nuclear power'.

But what does that mean? Certainly it means that we shall no longer drain our 'conventional' resources by pouring our substance into the manufacture of a useless handful of nuclear weapons. But shall we refuse to wield the things? If Polaris were available either as a gift or on terms that we could afford, would the Labour Party accept or refuse? This is not too hypothetical a question to deserve a straight answer, for all strategy is based on hypotheses. No clue is offered among the reasons advanced for the reversal of policy which now declares it inessential to manufacture our very own bomb; because, to be blunt, no reasons *are* advanced except a vague reference to the Blue Streak fiasco – which in fact was abandoned ostensibly because of its vulnerability, an argument that applies with less force to Polaris.

If the statement means that we shall refuse not only to manufacture nuclear armaments ourselves but also to accept them from foreign sources or to threaten – 'independently' – our enemies with them, then Mr Gaitskell has indeed travelled a long way in reverse gear. Admittedly his journey was strictly necessary but how far he has really made it we shall not know for certain till we hear his next essay in 'interpretation'.

Yet whatever the answer may be to the above question, it is trivial compared with the literally vital question of foreign bases. On this the statement has nothing to say – save to repeat that the Labour Party Executive is still against offering hospitality to Thor missiles. Since it singles out Thor only for proscription, presumably all other varieties are welcome. It makes no mention – this survey of strategy – of the obvious fact that by making our small congested island the main advance firing-pad for American nuclear weapons we may be protecting the United States but are certainly imperilling Great Britain; for we should be the primary target not only of enemy retaliation but of any pre-emptive strike that a frightened and misguided Kremlin might one day regard as the lesser risk. And this, let us remember, would mean not merely calamity for Britain but extinction. How can either party even contemplate such a gamble? Surely it is only because they are reluctant to face the cold fact that, in terms of strategy, British and American interests are not identical but diverge.

When this is faced, then we shall be ready (as the new statement is not) to face also the fact that at such time as Nato is deemed to be endangering British interests, which are bound up with a dissolution of the Cold War, then we must be prepared to resign from it. The necessity to withdraw may well be postponed indefinitely once it be known beyond question that we should not shrink from doing so; for thus only, it seems, can American intransigence be mitigated.

Here lies the sine qua non of effective British influence on *both* the power blocs. By rejecting it the 'new' defence policy aligns itself behind the government in condemning Britain to continued international impotence.

So long as West and East regard Nato and the Warsaw Pact as inviolable priorities, 'depolarisation' cannot begin and the Cold War will persist.

The ball is still at Britain's feet but for how much longer?

BENN W. LEVY

SIR, – Critic's answer to Bertrand Russell is singularly unconvincing. He describes Labour's new defence policy as 'the best immediately available compromise.' But it is not a compromise at all. There is a change of tactics: the Labour Party formally renounces Britain's independent nuclear deterrent, which in any case we do not possess. There is no change of policy: Britain is still to rely on the nuclear deterrent and to contribute facilities towards it, but the Americans will foot the bill. How is it less wicked to assist in mass-suicide at someone else's expense? And how is it less dangerous to leave the decision on our fate to the Pentagon? I agree with Critic to this extent that the most likely way of achieving unilateral nuclear disarmament is by converting the Labour Party. But we shall not convert it by accepting a policy which continues to rely on nuclear weapons. We shall convert it only by insisting that the 'new' policy makes no real change except for the worse. I cannot understand the suggestion that this dispute has something to do with the personal obstinacy of Hugh Gaitskell. Gaitskell takes a frank and honest line which deserves respect: he believes in the nuclear deterrent, and therefore supports the present Labour policy. The campaign for Nuclear Disarmament stands for unilateral nuclear disarmament and no association with any nation, or group of nations, which possesses nuclear weapons; it therefore opposes Labour's policy. This is also an honest line; and I hope Gaitskell respects it as much as we respect his. I find it difficult to respect those Labour politicians (or journalists) who propose to rely on the American nuclear weapons and to win the approval of unilateralists at the same time. Gaitskell does not try to cheat us. Those who put unity before principle do. They are at the old game of saying all things to all men; and they will lead the Labour party to further frustration and disappointment, as they have done for so long.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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HEINEMANN

I was surprised how little notice these cases were arousing in America. McCarthy did not send a single individual to gaol. Now Washington committees are sending 36 men and women of principle to gaol.

Perhaps if those in Britain who cherish liberty express their dismay that this should be happening, the same American opinion which asserted itself against McCarthyism may be stirred to protest against its successors.

FENNER BROCKWAY

House of Commons

LABOUR'S DEFENCE POLICY

SIR, – I can understand your eagerness to meet the Labour Party's recent defence statement halfway because I share it. But, since the safety of the country is at issue, we must surely not reach for a pillow of dubious compromise merely because we are all heart-weary of controversy.

Understandably enough, the statement is not so much a cold scientific examination of strategy as a political document: hence its ambiguities.

Only two new decisions appear in it: (1) that we are no longer to endorse the preposterous bluff that Britain would ever be silly enough to *initiate* a nuclear war which would be the end of her, and (2) that we shall no longer seek to be 'an independent nuclear power'.

But what does that mean? Certainly it means that we shall no longer drain our 'conventional' resources by pouring our substance into the manufacture of a useless handful of nuclear weapons. But shall we refuse to wield the things? If Polaris were available either as a gift or on terms that we could afford, would the Labour Party accept or refuse? This is not too hypothetical a question to deserve a straight answer, for all strategy is based on hypotheses. No clue is offered among the reasons advanced for the reversal of policy which now declares it inessential to manufacture our very own bomb; because, to be blunt, no reasons *are* advanced except a vague reference to the Blue Streak fiasco – which in fact was abandoned ostensibly because of its vulnerability, an argument that applies with less force to Polaris.

If the statement means that we shall refuse not only to manufacture nuclear armaments ourselves but also to accept them from foreign sources or to threaten – 'independently' – our enemies with them, then Mr Gaitskell has indeed travelled a long way in reverse gear. Admittedly his journey was strictly necessary but how far he has really made it we shall not know for certain till we hear his next essay in 'interpretation'.

Yet whatever the answer may be to the above question, it is trivial compared with the literally vital question of foreign bases. On this the statement has nothing to say – save to repeat that the Labour Party Executive is still against offering hospitality to Thor missiles. Since it singles out Thor only for proscription, presumably all other varieties are welcome. It makes no mention – this survey of strategy – of the obvious fact that by making our small congested island the main advance firing-pad for American nuclear weapons we may be protecting the United States but are certainly imperilling Great Britain; for we should be the primary target not only of enemy retaliation but of any pre-emptive strike that a frightened and misguided Kremlin might one day regard as the lesser risk. And this, let us remember, would mean not merely calamity for Britain but extinction. How can either party even contemplate such a gamble? Surely it is only because they are reluctant to face the cold fact that, in terms of strategy, British and American interests are not identical but diverge.

When this is faced, then we shall be ready (as the new statement is not) to face also the fact that at such time as Nato is deemed to be endangering British interests, which are bound up with a dissolution of the Cold War, then we must be prepared to resign from it. The necessity to withdraw may well be postponed indefinitely once it be known beyond question that we should not shrink from doing so; for thus only, it seems, can American intransigence be mitigated.

Here lies the sine qua non of effective British influence on *both* the power blocs. By rejecting it the 'new' defence policy aligns itself behind the government in condemning Britain to continued international impotence.

So long as West and East regard Nato and the Warsaw Pact as inviolable priorities, 'depolarisation' cannot begin and the Cold War will persist.

The ball is still at Britain's feet but for how much longer?

BENN W. LEVY

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Further particulars from Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 2 Carthusian St., EC1

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HEINEMANN

Africa — 1960

1—The Racial Touchstone

A WEEK ago the independent African republics of Ghana, Congo and Somalia were born. By the end of this year about 150 million of the 230 million people living in the African continent will be governed by African ministers in sovereign independent states; most of the others will be hurrying towards the same status. The exceptions – the Union of South Africa, the Rhodesias, Algeria, the Portuguese and Spanish territories – will have become anachronistic enclaves of 19th century imperial thought, desperately hard-pressed to retain the principles and practices of autocracy based on the assumption of racial superiority.

Thus the whole character of the African continent is changing as we watch. From being little more than an extension of European power politics throughout modern history, Africa is becoming a new international personality. At the same time it is developing within its new form divisions and alignments which demonstrate the character and variety of the different African communities.

The power politicians will concentrate on observing the relations between the different African states and their international affiliations. Is the result of African emancipation to be Balkanisation, with its inevitable consequences of national conflict? Will the moves towards pan-Africanism have any success? Will the shortage of capital, machines and experts tempt the leaders of new Africa to look towards the Communist bloc? Or will they depend on the superabundance of the US with its anti-Communist strings?

There are, however, more profound questions than these. What of the 230 million people in Africa? What effect will this revolution in the character of the continent have upon their lives? For the past half-dozen generations they have lived under a rule whose seat lay several thousand miles away, whose officers varied from the paternal to the benevolent despot to the tyrant. The character of their life has depended on their relations with the district officers and commissioners, on the generosity or parsimony of governments in Europe, on the attitude of the local white farmer and Asian trader, on the European missionary, the mine-owner, manager and foreman. On the other side of the racial Rubicon, the white man depended partly on current Colonial Office policy, partly on the character of the local government, and partly on his relations with his African labourers and the communities from which they came. The Asians, whether from India, Pakistan or Goa, often found themselves contemptuously repudiated by black and white alike.

The same problem may be seen from another angle. The new legislatures and ministers have inherited formidable headaches. Colonial rule is essentially undemocratic, in the last resort being imposed through the extensive powers which always reside in the Crown's representative. African ministers have to achieve the same degree of governmental order, while resting their claim to power, not on the strength of government support in London or Paris or Brussels, but on their people's consent as expressed through the ballot boxes. They themselves have usually risen to prominence by organising and leading a mass attack on colonial government. They have, therefore, inevitably become opposition-minded and taught their people to distrust government itself. This is hardly the best training for administration – or for good citizenship.

Whether looked at from the view-point of governments or governed, three central factors dominate the African scene, and out of them will emerge most of what is vital to life in the new Africa. The first is the character of race relations; the second, the form of political structure; the third, the impact of Africa on the international scene.

Consciousness of race relations consumes the entire continent. Even where the problems of a mixed society do not exist, as in much of north and west Africa and in most of the French territories, awareness of the issue is nevertheless ever-present. To Africa, race relations mean the colour bar, the conception of white supremacy and the indignities which inevitably follow for black Africans. Events in South Africa, in Central Africa, in Kenya and in Algeria highlight the issue, which is now considered the concern of every African throughout the continent. There will be no peace or trust between African, European and Asian until all vestiges of privilege based on race are removed; nor will the African himself gain the confidence which is essential for tolerance until he feels himself free from every hint of discrimination because of his skin colour.

To the African the vital test of whether countries outside the continent are sympathetic or antagonistic, depends on their attitude to the situation in South Africa. For many years it has been tacitly assumed in Africa, as well as elsewhere, that, although there was some mild form of oppression in the Union, no one could do anything about it. Since Sharpeville this attitude has been entirely changed. The oppression of Africans, Cape Coloureds, Indians and non-conformist Europeans has been fully exposed to the outside world and is now seen as a danger to all peaceful relations between Africa and other continents. No government can any longer avoid defining its attitude to South African policy.

To the non-European peoples of South Africa and their few European friends, there is a certain wry irony in this sudden change. For 50 years now their constant pleas for external concern and action have fallen on almost entirely deaf ears. Yet throughout the last half-century two things have become clear: first, that the theory on which South African society is based explicitly challenges the objective of tolerance and friendship between peoples of different racial origin; secondly, that *Apartheid,* and the segregation policy which preceded and produced it in the days of Botha, Hertzog and Smuts, can be undermined only by outside pressure. W. P. Schreiner, a brave Afrikaner liberal, tried to persuade this country of these truths as long ago as 1909 when he came here to oppose the passage of the South African Act. Yet the successes of Botha in his land allocation of 1913, of Smuts on the Rand in the early Twenties, and of the Hertzog-Smuts coalition in the disenfranchisement and urban segregation of Africans in 1936 went unheeded. Malan, Strijdom and Verwoerd were the consequence.

The fact is that South African society is based on fantasy and controlled by schizoids. To the Afrikaner, the African masses have symbolised, ever since the days of the treks, a threat to his security from the outside and a threat to his own internal repressions and feelings of guilt. Driven in on himself by these fears, he has taken refuge in the characteristics of the schizoid – original sin, fundamental religion, sexual puritanism and racial superiority. Reason, argument, scientific proof, even personal observation, have no power to penetrate its pathological armour. Only an extreme crisis, necessarily induced from outside, can force any recognition of reality.

If the Afrikaner people are neurotically helpless, the English-speaking South African is rendered impotent through cynical expediency. Life in South African towns, where most English-speakers live, is vulgarly materialist. The white man lives in comfort – if not luxury, the white woman even more so. To preserve their status and possessions, the support of the government is essential. So the government is always appeased. It is now suggested that perhaps the Nationalists

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have gone too far; perhaps they *will* be brought down by the business community. But the lifting of an import restriction here, the lowering of a tax there, and the opposition melts away. There is a constant conflict between the businessman's anxiety about opposing the government and his fear of the effects of government action on world opinion. There is a further division: the business community is also split between the mining group and secondary industry. The former is well content to have its labour preserved in a serf status; the latter realises the wastage of potential talent which the industrial colour bar and migratory labour entail. The former has strong political influence, the latter virtually none.

This Afrikaner-English community of three million whites is the ruling group; the laws it makes and administers are the product of its psychological disturbance and its habit of comfort. What, then, of the life of the 11 million Africans, Cape Coloureds, and Indians? The vast majority of these are Africans, living either as subsistence-economy peasants in the reserves (with most of their able-bodied men away in the mines) or in the segregated, mainly slummy, townships and locations outside European cities, or – almost like cattle – in tiny huts on European farms. The 1.5 million Cape Coloureds have their own areas in the Cape Peninsular, varying from middle-class respectability, through the slums of District Six, to the appalling hovels of the Cape Flats. The 500,000 Indians, mainly in Natal, show an even sharper contrast between the handful of wealthy traders and the mass of labourers living the same shanty life as the Africans in Cato Manor.

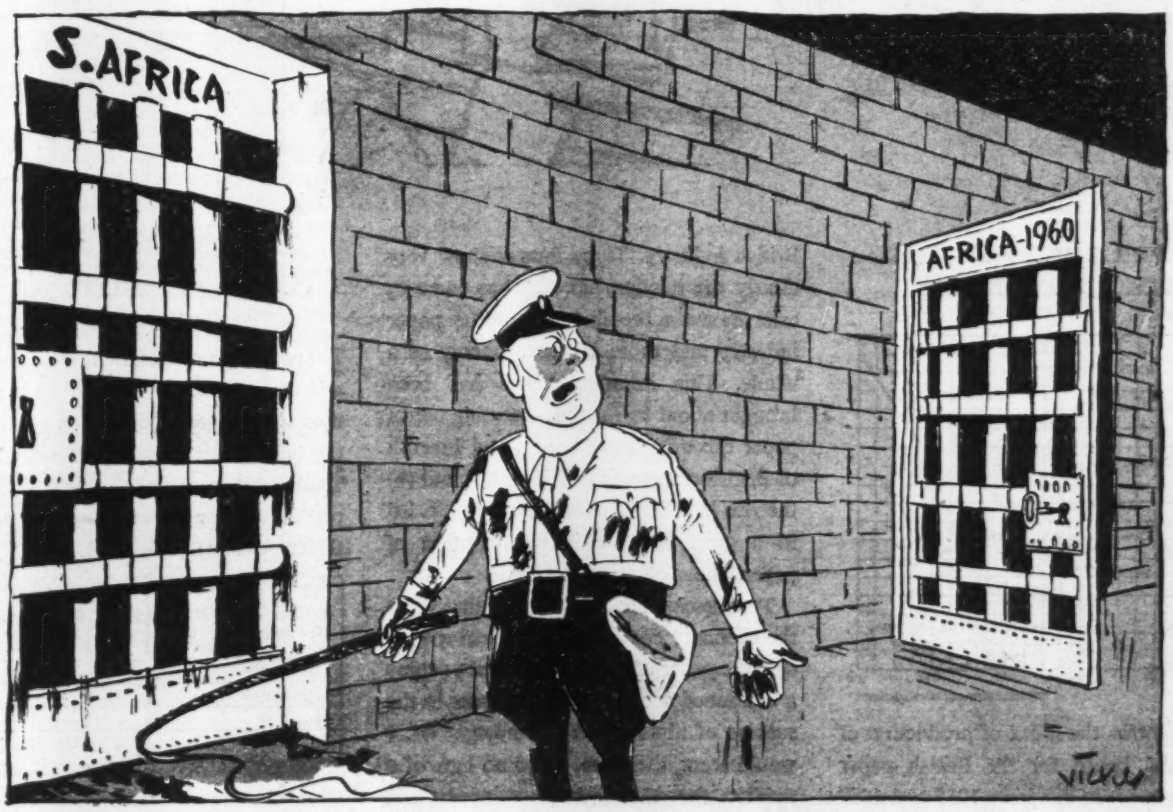
The lives of all these people are rigorously regimented according to the laws of the white parliament. Passes have to be carried; liquor and pass raids are commonplace in all the locations. A constant attempt is made to force a percentage of urban Africans back to the reserves. The mine-workers are housed in strictly disciplined, stable-like compounds. The farmer has almost absolute power over his labourers, and the reserves – the so-called Bantustans – are disciplined by the Department of Native Affairs.

In spite of the caste organisation of life, economic development in South Africa, based on minerals, has always provided urban wages higher than those found in most other parts of the continent, although always below the subsistence needs of the high-priced domestic economy. In its turn, this has allowed the development of a black bourgeoisie – lawyers, teachers, and doctors – who through their better education have been accepted as political leaders. Seriously organised political protest has been spasmodic since 1950. 'Freedom Day', on 26 June in that year showed a partly successful attempt to organise a national general strike. 1952 produced the remarkable phenomenon of 8,000 non-Europeans voluntarily going to jail for breaking the segregation laws in an attempt to swamp the administration. In 1955 the Freedom Charter was proclaimed; in 1957 the Alexandra bus boycott took place; 1960 has seen the anti-pass agitation leading to Sharpeville, Langa and the rest.

Each movement of protest has been crushed by the government. The Africans and their leaders are now being shaken out of their own fantasy that there is a constitutional path to freedom. The Nationalists, in their determination to thrust all coloured people out of their sight, have forced the non-whites to face their crisis. For the first time, the noisy gaiety into which the Africans of the townships have been accustomed to escape from the grim reality of their life, has been momentarily hushed – not by fear, to which they have become almost immune through habit, but by anger. For the moment, the mass defiance following Sharpeville has been crushed by government intimidation. Although some releases have been made, most of the first and second rank leaders are still in prison or in exile; a few remain in hiding. The African masses may well revert for a time to the accustomed lassitude, but it will not be the same as before Sharpeville. The operation of laws and regulations by swaggering and often semi-literate, young whites constantly leads to intolerable tension. The black communities will from now on be readier to anger and less careful of the consequences. The presence in London, Bechuanaland and Basutoland of leaders in exile, the new awareness of world opinion, the pressure of outside states, have provided a forcing ground for new leadership and fresh revolt.

A more immediate and practical – if less symbolic – trial of race relations is in the Central African Federation. To a large extent Africans have given up the Union for lost, making the assumption that nothing short of civil war can produce a solution there. In the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland, Africa itself feels that the decisive battle is now joined and that practical help to the African cause is possible. For example, the steering committee of the All-African Peoples' Congress voted financial aid to maintain Joshua Nkomo, leader of the Southern Rhodesian Congress, and Kanyama Chiume, of the Nyasaland National Congress, while they remained in exile.

Federation itself has been the focal point of black-white hostility, for federation was imposed against the wishes of the vast black majority and was felt to be a manoeuvre designed to lead Central Africa towards the South African model of minority white domination. Yet recently the emphasis has changed as the path to federal independence based on white supremacy has, with British connivance, been temporarily blocked. Attention has been increasingly turned to the battles going on inside the three separate territories. It is now felt on the black side



'Close that door—I'm in a draught . . .!'

What are the prospects for investors in British paper?

The scope of the paper industry has broadened considerably over the last ten years, creating possibilities of great interest to investors. This article considers the effect of new trends on the industry in general and attempts to define the results they may have on the Reed Paper Group in particular.

PAPER REFLECTS THE WHOLE ECONOMY

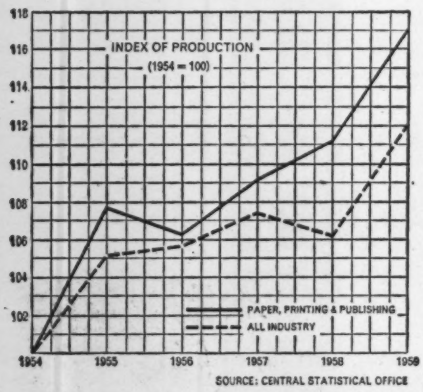


Chart 1 shows the index of production of paper and board for the British paper industry between the years 1955 and 1959 against the index of production for all British industry. These figures show very clearly the relationship that has come to exist between the fortunes of the paper industry and those of the economy as a whole. This interdependence has been brought about by (a) the increasing use of paper throughout the length and breadth of British commerce and industry, and (b) the rise in living standards, which has led to a great increase in consumption of paper, above all as packaging.

The inescapable conclusion is that while the economy continues its gradual expansion the paper industry can expect to enjoy a continued success, since it shares in the success of almost every company. There would seem, therefore, to be no lack of a market for the increasing production capacity of the paper industry.

HOW REED OUTPUT COMPARES WITH TOTAL PAPER OUTPUT

The development of new uses for paper and the rapid expansion of certain existing uses have together altered the pattern of the breakdown of sales for the industry. Traditionally staple products like newsprint are being joined more and more by these very lusty youngsters.

	PERCENTAGE OF OUTPUT TONNAGE		PERCENTAGE OF STERLING TURNOVER
Converted Packaging Products	INDUSTRY 29	REED 32	REED* 41
Wrapping Papers	41	47	37
Printing Papers	17	8	12
Newsprint	13	13	10
	100	100	100

* COMPARABLE FIGURES FOR TOTAL PAPER INDUSTRY NOT AVAILABLE

Chart 2 shows a side-by-side comparison between the breakdown of sales and pro-

duction for the Reed Paper Group and the breakdown of production for the industry as a whole. At first glance it is obvious that whereas in some categories the proportion of total production is similar, in others there exists a wide difference.

The strength and flexibility of the Reed operation could not be better demonstrated. In converted products, a fast-growing market which remains more profitable than many other sections of the paper market in spite of brisk competition, Reed's output of packaging paper plus board and converted packaging products is approximately 80% of total Reed output, against 70% for the industry as a whole.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DIVERSIFICATION

The Reed Group's preoccupation with newly developing and more profitable uses of paper must be of prime importance to investors. The history of the Group over the last ten years has been largely influenced by this steady policy of diversification. Undoubtedly it is of great advantage to the Group that it is involved both in paper making *and* conversion—and to no small degree, since in 1959 the Group Market Research statistics show that the Reed Group accounted for more than 25% of the British output of paper sacks and of solid and corrugated fibreboard cases.

To keep pace with the growth in demand for particular types of paper and board products requires a high degree of flexibility from the plant involved. Reed has therefore constantly sought to improve existing machinery, adapting it successfully to produce several types of paper rather than merely one, in addition to heavy outlay on completely new plant. In this way costs are kept to a minimum and the best possible use is made of the very expensive equipment necessary in the paper industry.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

We have already noted the close relationship between paper and the complete economy, and drawn the conclusion that a firmly planned, buoyant economy brings prospects for the paper industry that are above the average. There are, however, two major factors within the framework of the industry itself which must be taken into account in any consideration of prospects. The first is the growing competition within the industry, and the corresponding reduction of profit margins. The second is the birth of the European Free Trade Association, which reduced tariffs between member countries by 20% on 1st July 1960 and will work towards complete abolition of tariffs, thus exposing the British paper industry to the risk of strong Scandinavian competition.

HOW IS THE REED GROUP PLACED?

From the point of view of tougher competition within the U.K. the Reed Paper Group occupies a very sound position. We have seen how Reed has concentrated a considerable part of its output into the more profitable sections of the industry, and how it has pursued a policy of flexibility that will enable them to take maximum advantage of current demand and future trends.

In addition the Group is constantly on the look-out for new uses that will widen still further the scope of its activities: an example is the Group's one-third share in the fast-moving Kimberly-Clark business in creped cellulose wadding, which makes and markets Kleenex tissues, Hi-Dri paper towels, Delsey toilet tissue and Kotex feminine towels. Within the Reed Group the Packaging Division and Economic Research Department carry out intensive technical and marketing research into both consumer and manufacturing needs, and the Economic Research Department prepares long-term forecasts of trends in demand. The Group is also in the process of acquiring one of the largest paper converting companies in Australia, Paper Products (Holdings) Proprietary Ltd., operating in most of the States in Australia, a country with vast potential.

THE REPERCUSSIONS OF E.F.T.A. AGREEMENTS

Such threats as the E.F.T.A. agreements present have probably been over emphasised. This is the opinion expressed in the majority of recent articles in the financial press. The challenge of the Scandinavian paper industry is not new, nor are the immediate tariff reductions overwhelming. There will be time for the British paper industry to adjust itself to the new situation.

Also, as the Chairman of the Reed Paper Group, Lord Cornwallis, observes in this year's Annual Statement, it is thought unlikely that the Scandinavians will wish to enter into a price war with British manufacturers—a view that is shared by other leading personalities in the British paper industry.

So far as the Reed Paper Group is concerned, its position with regard to E.F.T.A. competition is stronger than most, since it has only recently entered into a £2 million joint enterprise with Sande Tresliperi in Norway, one of Scandinavia's leading producers of mechanical pulp. This will give the Group a sizeable stake in Scandinavian raw material—and at the same time get the economic advantage which the Scandinavians enjoy, of pulping and paper making on the same site.

THE PROSPECTS AHEAD

In ways like these the paper industry in general and the Reed Paper Group in particular seek to maintain the strong position that has been developed over the last ten years. We have looked at the main reasons why the paper industry can look forward to a bright future, and taken special note of the importance of diversification in that future. Linked as it is by packaging to an ever-growing standard of living, and with its products reaching into almost every branch of industry and commerce, the paper industry can look forward confidently to a continued growth in sales. In that future the Reed Paper Group offers prospects considerably above the average, both from short-term and long-term points of view.

A further article in this series will appear in the August 20th issue of The New Statesman.

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that, if Nyasaland can gain a constitution based on the Tanganyikan or Kenyan model, the Northern Rhodesian whites will be unable to resist similar pressure. The whites in Southern Rhodesia are, of course, much more numerous and more deeply entrenched than those in the two northern territories, and the battle there will be much longer. Nevertheless, governments in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, either dominated by or strongly influenced by African opinion, would certainly make a continuation of the present form of federation impossible. This would then isolate Southern Rhodesia and force the white settlers there to choose between relying on South African support against the gale of nationalism or accepting a compromise.

Although there is this common feeling amongst Africans that nothing else than a complete destruction of federation can ever open the way to peaceful race relations, the situation in the three territories varies widely. In Nyasaland, with over three million Africans and only a few thousand Europeans, no one doubts that African majority government is very close. In Southern Rhodesia, it will take a long time to break the traditional domination of the white man. It is significant that when Sir Edgar Whitehead replaced Mr Garfield Todd as Prime Minister, he first tried a timidly liberal policy, although Todd had been thrown out because he was accused of liberalism. Sir Edgar is a liberal at heart. He lives, however, in a private world. Thus, he imagined last year that, if he locked up the 'dangerous' Congress men, he could then persuade 'responsible' Africans to join his party and become junior partners in a more respectable preservation of white supremacy. He then made some vague and minor concessions towards multi-racialism. But his liberal tactics soon collapsed: to stay in office he had to revert to a defence of white domination.

Meanwhile, Mr Garfield Todd, together with Sir John Moffat from Northern Rhodesia, formed his Central African Party on a genuine inter-racial basis. For the first time in Southern Rhodesian history, whites and blacks sat together in considerable numbers at the inaugural party congress in June last year.

The party, of course, immediately had to face the dilemma of all multi-racial states: how was it to secure enough modification to the constitution to allow people to vote it into influence or authority, when the electorate was controlled by white settlers determined to keep the Africans out of political power? The Central African Party may succeed in exercising a moderating influence, but the resignation of seven of its leading European members because the party accepted a franchise qualified only by literacy in English, illustrates the kind of pressures from which it suffers. On the other hand, the creation this year by Africans of the National Democratic Party to take the place of the banned Congress, is likely to draw militant African opinion away from Todd and Moffat. Southern Rhodesia is beginning to learn that in Africa today nothing less than a clear plan for African majority control will be accepted for long by the masses.

Northern Rhodesia has always been the real testing ground in Central African race relations. The European community here is strong enough to maintain political pretensions, but not sufficiently numerous to attain the domination enjoyed by its counterpart to the south. The fact that the European community is based on copper mining, with a strongly entrenched colour bar, and that copper provides the main fertilising capital for the whole Federation, while at the same time copper-mining calls for an organised African labour force, clearly demonstrates the contradictions of the situation. Crisis has been avoided so far only because of the weakness and division of African organisation. Now, with a constitution based on a 'fancy franchise' designed to perpetuate European control, and with the temper of Africans rapidly rising with the independence of the Congo to the north, and with the release of the recently detained leaders of the militant United National Independence Party, fear is driving the Europeans to a fever of anxiety and open clashes have already begun.

It may well be that the most important influence, not only for Northern Rhodesia, but for the whole Federation, is the attitude of the copper companies so rarely referred to. It is highly significant that the Rhodesian Selection Trust, led by its chairman, Sir Ronald Prain, not content with a persistent campaign to break down the colour bar of the white trade unions, has withdrawn its subsidy to Welensky's United Federal Party. Prain himself has even had private talks with African leaders. Equally important, the chairman of the US finance corporation which controls the Trust has begun to appear on African platforms in America. It is being said that the only two lasting factors in Central Africa are copper and Africans. Realistic big business seems to be making the same appraisal.

Until recently the racial pattern in the Central African Federation has scarcely been affected by the events in the rest of the continent. This is now changing rapidly. Not only were African leaders at the Accra conference in December 1958, but already this year events in South Africa and in the ex-Belgian Congo have made a deeper mark. Sharpeville and its consequences have warned the Rhodesian whites of the inevitable results of continued segregation. It may have given them second thoughts about relying on South Africa. The Belgian decision, on the other hand, to cut their political losses and grant the Congo independence, in the hope of retaining their £75 million a year commercial profits by granting Congolese independence, at first fired Rhodesian Africans with enthusiasm. The more thoughtful of them, however, must by now have become more doubtful as they see the central government in the Congo assailed and tribal conflict becoming general.

Most of the racial feeling which besets central and South Africa has been spared the French territories, both in Equatorial and West Africa. Yet it may well soon spread to the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique. In spite of the extension of the Salazar dictatorship to Portuguese overseas territories, opposition movements are known to exist amongst the Africans and a recent mass trial in Angola shows that dictatorship is by no means permanently accepted.

It is in Algeria, of course, that France appears most prominently in the racial issue. The Algerian war is regarded by Africans in all parts of the continent as aggression by alien Europeans on African soil. Its continuation feeds anti-white racialism and brings both America and western Europe into disrepute. The Algerian situation may be compared with that of South Africa, in that the strong white community is trying to impose its will on the African Moslem majority. The difference is that the decision lies in Paris and is in the hands of an external power. The dilemma of every French government has

been reflected in de Gaulle's vacillation between a political solution based on some form of self-determination and pursuance of military victory. One of the important factors which have now influenced him to initiate Franco-Algerian talks was general African resentment against the war. As week by week new French African states become independent and take their place at the United Nations, the danger of their being forced by popular pressure to join other African members in denunciation of France could well have undermined the whole French Community. France's racial reputation among her ex-colonies in Africa depends on an early end to the Algerian war.

In British East Africa, however, there are chances that a genuine solution to the racial problem may be found. Tanganyika is most likely to give a lead. Although racial hostility between black and white is very slight in Uganda, tension continually flares up between black and brown, Africans and Asians. This is present too, though on a lesser scale, in Kenya. It is based on two main factors. The Asian of Africa is like the Jew of mediaeval Europe. He is the trader and money-lender. As a consequence, his services to the African community are always resented and, as the African begins to advance into small business, it is the Asian whose competition he first meets. The Asian community also tends to be culturally exclusive, maintaining and preserving the customs of its home land, foreign to the African who has followed European patterns.

In Kenya it is still possible, though unlikely, that the desire to get rid of the European will become dominant. Contact is closer between African and European in Kenya than in Central Africa and there have always been some Europeans who have supported African political developments. The danger is of a reaction as the African advances towards political power. There is also the danger that in the division among Africans themselves, stimulated by both personal political rivalry and inter-tribal suspicions, African politicians may be tempted to court the masses by stimulating their anti-white reactions.

In Tanganyika, it can now be said with some confidence that these dangers and temptations have been overcome. The success of the Tanganyika experiment is very largely due to political wisdom which has been shown in political co-operation. This led the way to inter-racial confidence in social and economic affairs. After a struggle, resistance to African political advance was overcome by a combination of African, European and Asian initiatives. The fact that all the elected members of the Legislative Council of each of the three races have organised themselves as one team under the leadership of Julius Nyerere is a unique phenomenon in the race relations of the continent. The confidence which has been established by this political co-operation is now sinking its roots into every aspect of national life. It challenges and rejects with equal force the black and the white racialism of other parts of Africa. If Tanganyika can under-pin its racial co-operation with an economic development capable of providing the needs of life for its eight million inhabitants, it will be proof that a healthy inter-racial nation can be created in this area.

The continent is therefore stretched between the two poles of South Africa and Tanganyika. Have Europeans and Asians any future prospect in Africa, and how are they to be protected? Is it possible to pass peacefully from white supremacy to a genuine democracy?

In a sense racial conflict has become identified with class warfare. The whites and browns hold not only political power in much of Africa, but economic wealth and social privilege. There are the African aristocrats and a small bourgeoisie; but the mistake which many white settlers and colonial administrations have made is to believe it possible to select a small African middle-class, give them education and some property and then hope to draw them into the defence of aristocratic privilege and use them as 'partners' to mislead the world into believing that 'civilised' Africans are granted equality. The Belgians and the Portuguese have tried this policy with their *évolués* and *assimilados*. The Rhodesians have been trying the same game. It has failed, and its failure is destroying many intelligent Africans, who are now simply regarded as stooges.

Once Ghana had proved that Africans of all classes are capable of playing a part in self-government, the trail was blazed for the rest of the continent; East Africa is now following suit and very soon it will be the turn of Central Africa. The fact that there are European settlers in that area does not in any way weaken the determination of Africans to make the opportunity of governing themselves.

The final verdict as to the degree to which Africans are prepared to tolerate Europeans and Asians in their countries, will largely depend on the attitude of the European and Asian settlers during the next few months of transition from minority to majority rule. In South Africa almost certainly European racialism has gone so far that it will be replaced by African racialism under which not only Europeans, but Cape Coloureds too, will suffer. Even here, however, there is a sufficient habit of white and black working together, admittedly on a master-slave basis, for the possibility to remain that Africans will tolerate some continued European stake in the country. Similarly in Central Africa, unless the whites of the Rhodesias resort to violence in order to retain their privilege, some chance of settlement may remain. In Kenya, Europeans will be more welcome, except for the extreme settlers, who have outraged the African land mystique by trying to preserve the white highlands. Tanganyika still welcomes an increasing number of Europeans and Asians, anxious to help African progress.

In all these countries, as has been found in Ghana, technical experts, business men, investors, doctors, medical staff and officials are welcome, provided they are prepared to serve under the African government. The real problem arises from those Europeans who want to take land and settle. There really seems very little hope for continued immigration of this class of European; and it seems likely that, once the African is firmly fixed in government, there will be little security for the European farmer. Race relations will, therefore, depend almost entirely on the character of the European and Asian who wish to live in the continent, and on the attitude of those already there, during coming months. Whether either they or the Africans have the tolerance to rise to the challenge which now confronts them is still to be proved.

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The Black O'Neills

It has been calculated by some fact fetichist that there are 12 murders, eight suicides, 23 deaths and seven cases of insanity in the plays of Eugene O'Neill*. Other naturalistic and tragic dramatists have no doubt equalled or surpassed this casualty list, but I do not remember anyone bothering with the count. The implication is that, with O'Neill, the encircling gloom was personal and obsessive and, if we carry the thought further, that the tragic facts so weigh upon us as to exclude the relief of the tragic purgation.

It is difficult to say how far this is true. One or two of the plays are good to read – *The Emperor Jones*, for example – but most are not. He needs the actor who can lift the monotonously hammering words out of the page. Relying on recollection of stage performances, I think of *Desire under the Elms*, *The Hairy Ape* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* as strong dramatic arguments in tragedy but without the final exultation. They are, as it were, dreadful cases, clinched but not relieved by art. O'Neill, as his earliest work shows – and like Henry James – had a powerful melodramatic sense, and melodrama arouses fear rather than pity. It must be said that he is more alive in the vernacular, when he has learned to write it, than in what was to be called rhythmic prose. But in *The Iceman Cometh* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* the effect is different. In these two plays – and in this he foreshadows another Irish dramatist, Samuel Beckett – rigid tragedy is abandoned and yet we are swept into pity and purgation by the torrent of hardly tolerable incident, character and words. O'Neill is liberated from the architectural obligations he felt as the first great founding American dramatist; he became the poet-dramatist, the natural American fabulist who really does show the soul in conflict with itself. (This also was the theme of an early play *The Hairy Ape* which, in the Thirties, was mistakenly thought to be a play about social justice.) He is drawing very closely on personal experience. The later plays have something of the quality of Melville. The alliance of deliberateness and garrulity, the habit of saying the same thing two or three times over without moving forward, a habit of which we often complain, are the things that galvanise and give him his massive power. Stiffness has gone – that peculiar stiffness which the cult of art gave to him in the Twenties. I would willingly have sat through *The Iceman* all over again, the moment the curtain came down.

The present revival gives a new interest to O'Neill's life as well as to his work. Statistically, as in his plays, it is a life stung all over by the Furies – ill-starred, tormented, lonely and dreadful. His gloomy, haunted manner as a man adds to the impression. Inheriting disaster, O'Neill handed it on like a fixed pattern and with something like dramatic instinct. The Irish incline to enlarge. For example, O'Neill's mother took drugs after his birth and lived in isolation and O'Neill assumed guilt for this; at the same time collecting woe because he felt he was born merely to wipe out the loss of a dead brother. In fact, there is doubt about the degree of his mother's addiction; it is known that her isolation owed something to her regret at not becoming a nun when she was a girl and also to her sensitiveness about her social position: she was the wife of a famous actor and felt acutely the disdain with which actors were regarded in New England and herself would have nothing to do with the members of her husband's company. Irish snobbery is as strong as the American.

Facts like these are set out in Mr Croswell Bowen's biography, *The Curse of the Misbegotten*†. Mr Croswell Bowen is a journalist who has done exhaustive research. He has been helped by O'Neill's unhappy son, Shane, who was, for long, a heroin addict and is now cured. He has patiently collected everything he can find relating to O'Neill's parents, his three marriages, his life at sea, his unhappy relations with his father, and his own children. Since few have survived the doom that accumulated, the task has required intelligence, restraint and sympathy. He is dealing with material as explosive as the life of the Tolstoys – except that the angers and disasters seem to dissolve into an awful, even frightening apathy. The book is a capable biography of the premature kind. If it embarrasses, we have to remember that an immense amount of painful detail is almost notorious because of the intrusiveness of the American Press. To this Americans are hardened. The O'Neills have been frisked by reporters for 'statements ordered by the Desk' and they write in the manner of soap opera about the suicides, the drug charges, the nervous illnesses, the divorce news, the alimony, the will. The material is indeed raw. Mr Bowen is gentle with it but, like all journalists, he cannot resist a picturesque idea. Was there some traditional Irish curse on the O'Neills? Was he a 'black Irishman'? Did he hand down the doom of the misbegotten? Why was he unable to go into a crowded public place without trembling and in terror? What was his nervous disease? How explain his sense of loneliness? In the end Mr Bowen comes to two conclusions about the notion of a curse and a doom: the first is that notorious failure to explain anything – original sin: the second, more sensible, is that the O'Neills showed an extraordinary incapacity to communicate love. That is one of the insoluble mysteries, but one would like to have heard more about the underlying anarchy of American society that facilitated disaster.

O'Neill's childhood was spent in homeless wandering from hotel to hotel while his father made a fortune as an actor in the part of Monte Cristo. The capable father was enraged by his listless, drifting children. The lonely child grew up to be a wanderer in turn. He grew also to fear the corruption of wealth and success, for his father always regretted that he had wasted his talent in making a fortune out of an inferior popular part. In any case, he lost most of it. O'Neill's plunge into life before the mast and the seaman's Hell Hole, was the rebellious gesture of a rich boy – he had been for a year to Princeton and got nothing out of it except the strange American religion of 'doing his drinking'. His real home for a long time was the Hell Hole of the down-and-outs and there he had his most fertilising experiences. To the annoyance of his second wife when they were living in grandeur, he would frequently drop back into the old life. All accounts describe him as a tall, handsome, lean, brooding man, almost unsmiling, and with a melancholy, a sympathy and a cruelty irresistible to women. He was either obsessed, violent or withdrawn. Self-destructiveness lives side by side with a rather cold idealism. He once said the essential fact about himself was that he was Irish.

Many artists are monsters, and yet they are compelled and helpless monsters. Guilt, and too strong an imagination, cut O'Neill off from his sons. There is a distance in his affections. As an artist he, of course, thrived on guilt. Instability was indispensable to him if it was fatal to others. Spiritual self-dramatisation – the most exhausting of enterprises and one certain to lead to long periods of depression – nourished him. He was superbly able to feel that those he had wronged, wronged him by making him feel wrong. He coveted all the suffering. These matters are illustrated in innumerable incidents in Mr Bowen's book. When we look at his idealism we see that it is not at all otherworldliness or in any way Utopian; it is inner-worldliness. Hence his intuition of the true character of *The Hairy Ape*. He was tenacious and, with his father's sad example before him, this tenacity enabled him to survive wealth and world fame by preserving his own tortures. There is, for example, the grandiose world tour which he made with his beautiful second wife, Carlotta Monterey, the actress. It was clearly her grand idea. This devoted but ruling and jealous woman swept him into a royal progress – she is still alive, and one may guess at her character when one reads that she has had her name carved already beside his on his tombstone – but it appears that O'Neill hardly noticed the change from one country to the next. In China he had to be treated for alcoholism. (Later, he gave up drinking.) They settled in France in an enormous château, installed a swimming pool, lived in state and dressed in Chinese clothes. Visitors supposed this was the end of a talent. Far from it. The years in Touraine produced *Mourning*

* *Anna Christie, The Emperor Jones, Desire Under the Elms.* By EUGENE O'NEILL. *Penguin. 3s. 6d.*

† *The Curse of the Misbegotten.* By CROSWELL BOWEN. *Hart-Davis. 25s.*

Becomes Electra. Obdurately O'Neill wrote and re-wrote for seven hours a day and remembered chiefly the rain.

If O'Neill's work seems to groan with the sound of the enormous labour he put into it, this is because he is as conscious of building an American drama from the ground up and of providing Americans with a sense they had, he believed, lost – the sense of a soul. (Once more, one recalls Henry James's words about the natural sympathy between the American and Russian spirits.) It was not the old slip-slop soul of New England transcendentalism that had long since been turned into mush by American Big Business, but a soul conscious of retribution and Fate. In his sailing days he had read a great deal. He toiled without much humour or instruction, and with grinding, bulldozing, shovelling sounds he lugged the language around but in the end worked as clearly as a carver upon stone. And, as Mr Bowen's report shows, the continual revisions were not the work of smoothing away, but were in fact so continuously inventive, that (as we know) he can be blamed for an excess of invention. There has not been a dramatist of his stature in this country for a generation now and, if he devastated his family, he found in the family his myth.

V. S. PRITCHETT

My Father's Face

Each morning, when I shave, I see his face,
Or something like a sketch of it gone wrong;
The artist caught, it seems, more than a trace
Of that uneasy boldness and the strong
Fear behind the stare which tried to shout
How tough its owner was, inviting doubt.

And though this face is altogether more
Loosely put together, and indeed,
A lot less handsome, weaker in the jaw
And softer in the mouth, I feel no need
To have it reassembled, made a better
Copy of the face of its begetter.

I do not mind because my mouth is not
That lipless hyphen, military, stern;
He had the face that faces blade and shot
In schoolboys' tales, and even schoolboys learn
To laugh at it. But they've not heard it speak
The stabbing words peculiar to the weak.

For weakness was his one consistency;
And when I scrape the soapy fluff away
I see that he bequeathed this gift to me
Along with various debts I cannot pay.
But he gave, too, this mirror-misting breath
Whose mercy dims the looking-glass of death.

For which kind accident I thank him now
And, though I cannot love him, feel a sort
Of salty tenderness, remembering how
The prude and lecher in him moiled and fought
Their rough-house in the dark ring of his pride
And killed each other when his body died.

This morning, as I shave, I find I can
Forgive the blows, the meanness and the lust,
The boomeranging arsenal of a man
Who groaned groin-deep in hope's ironic dust;
But these eyes in the glass regard the living
Features with distaste, quite unforgiving.

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METHUEN

The Egghead as Leader

Intellectuals in Politics. By James Joll. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

What exactly is an intellectual, and why are we so disliked when we take to politics? When I looked at the striking dustcover of Mr James Joll's book, my heart leapt, if a little anxiously. Here at last, I was sure, was a book that would teach me a lot, though some of what I learnt might be painful. Already by the last pages of the introduction my hopes were dashed. These essays, I read, 'originated in a study of Léon Blum, who is an obvious example of the intellectual in politics; and consideration of his career led on to wondering about comparable figures elsewhere in Europe. (In England they are notably lacking.)' This is an astounding pronouncement, coming as it does from one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of Oxford historians. True, Mr Joll is only dealing, in his own words, with intellectuals 'born into the apparently stable world of middle class commerce and industry in the second half of the nineteenth century.' Maybe this excludes Balfour as too aristocratic. But what about Lord Haldane, Beatrice Webb and Stafford Cripps—to name only three of a dozen names that spring to mind?

Mr Joll has only been able to reach his strange conclusion by his even stranger selection of intellectuals. True, he has chosen Léon Blum, a genuine example of the intellectual in politics. But then he proceeds to throw in first Walter Rathenau, a business genius who made himself ridiculous by his bogus intellectual pretensions, and then Marinetti, the inventor of Futurism, whom it is difficult to recognise as either a politician or intellectual. He concludes:

> The careers of all three men raise the question of how far a man of intelligence or imagination, sensibility or originality, independence or scrupulousness can in fact stand up to the strain of the ruthless machine-politics of the twentieth century, and whether the intellectual in politics is not always going to be doomed to failure because of the nature of his own virtues.

Mr Joll is a gifted profilist: his slim biographies are models of their kind – elegantly composed and with just the right amount of historical background to make them intelligible to the non-academic reader. But the facts that he summarises in no way support his conclusions. Though Blum's political career coincided with the decline and fall of the Third Republic, he was in fact a very successful party politician, and there is no evidence that he suffered under the strain of the 'ruthless machine-politics of the twentieth century.' As for Rathenau, Mr Joll himself makes clear that his one great achievement – to put German industry on a war footing in 1916 – was administrative, not political, and that when, after the defeat of 1918, he sidled on to the stage of German politics, he had as little experience of the party machine as Marinetti. I cannot help suspecting that Mr Joll wrote his biographies first and then concocted his Introduction and his title.

Nevertheless, he does touch on the real problem in the last words of the sentence I have quoted. There is surely some truth in the dictum that the intellectual in politics is often the victim of his own virtues and sometimes doomed by them to failure. But what are those virtues? Mr Joll's list – intelligence, imagination, sensibility, etc. – is an odd one, unless he simply means by 'an intellectual' anyone of intelligence and decency. Surely the word means something much more precise than this. I would assert, for example, that, whereas Roosevelt was highly intelligent, he was not an intellectual, as Adlai Stevenson undoubtedly is, and I would make the same distinction between Asquith on the one side and Haldane on the other. For the essential characteristic of the intellectual is not his intelligence, or even his intellectual integrity. Many able non-intellectuals share these qualities, and some intellectuals are not pre-eminent in either. No, what distinguishes the intellectual from other politicians is his application of theoretical arguments to the solution of practical problems. The practical politician lives his politics, and his decisions are like those of the artist painting a picture – based on intuition and experience. Teach an artist the theory of his style and he will often paint the worse for it. So, too, the practical politician who dabbles in theory may lose his touch.

The intellectual, on the other hand – and here Leon Blum is a perfect example – enters politics because he has been convinced intellectually and, if he remains an intellectual, he retains two dangerous habits. In the first place, and most obviously, he is always trying to turn practical political decisions between greater and lesser evils into high moral decisions between right and wrong. In this respect he nearly always sides with the emotionalists and the crusaders against the men of affairs, and is therefore to be found on the extreme wing of his party. In the second place, and even more dangerously, he tries to apply rational, scientific method to politics. He assumes, for example, like his academic confreres, that one should not make up one's mind until one has consulted the best authorities and studied the available evidence, whereas every practical politician knows that the art of politics consists of making up your mind on insufficient evidence and knowing when to disregard the authorities.

The real trouble about the intellectual in politics is that academic training and theoretical argument tend to blunt natural judgment. The intellectual is needed to work out programmes and policies, to draft speeches and to indulge in polemics with the other side. In the Cabinet, his respect for evidence, knowledge of the facts and attachment to principles can prevent a pragmatic leader from drifting into catastrophe when he faces a new situation, where his experience and intuition do not help. But in normal times a cabinet dominated by intellectuals tends to be doctrinaire, out of touch with public opinion and at variance with its permanent officials, who revere the practical politician but suspect the intellectual as a rival. As an influential and unpopular minority, intellectuals, in fact, are an essential element in any political party. Normally, however, they are not well suited to leadership and may destroy their own virtues in attempting to adapt themselves to it. Their chance of supreme greatness comes only in an epoch of revolution. Mr Joll turns the story of Léon Blum into a plaintive tragedy. But the succession of domestic and international crises and catastrophes with which he had to cope were his good fortune, since they brought out his noblest qualities. In a period of humdrum politics, he would have been a dreadful leader. What a book Mr Joll could have written if, instead of bracketing Blum with Rathenau and Marinetti, he had chosen two far more characteristic intellectuals of our time, Leon Trotsky and Pandit Nehru!

R. H. S. Crossman

New Sight-Lines on Research

Science Survey 1. Edited by A. W. HASLETT and JOHN ST JOHN. *Vista Books.* 25*s.*

Eye on Research. BY G. RATTRAY TAYLOR. *Murray.* 16*s.*

It's misleading to divide the community into 'scientists' and 'laymen'. Whereas physicists and biologists share some appreciation of the delights and the difficulties of research, they don't, as a rule, know much about the subject matter of each others' sciences. For example, a knowledge of the second law of thermodynamics, so often used as a touchstone for distinguishing scientists from the rest, doesn't necessarily (or usually) accompany competence in organic chemistry. It's therefore possible for one reviewer to consider these books from two points of view: when I read Hesketh on 'Electrons in Crystals' in *Science Survey* I ask myself whether this account of the periodic field theory is a correct treatment of something I already know about – I conclude that it is; whereas, when I read Gaskell on 'The Mohole Project' I approach it as a layman, without previous knowledge of the Mohorovicic discontinuity. I find it clear and interesting.

Most of the articles, all written by specialists, in *Science Survey 1* are equally good. This volume is the first of a series to be produced with the cooperation of the British Association, in which it is planned to deal with all the important branches of science in a manner suited to the non-specialist. Covered here are fundamental particles, synthesis of elements in stars, solid state physics, polymer chemistry, some important recent advances in biological chemistry, biology and genetics, radiation and fall-out, behaviour of organisms, earth science, and space exploration. They can't all be discussed here, but one sentence from Heslop-Harrison on 'Genetics and the Origin of Species' ought to be quoted: '. . . evolution at the level of the origin of species can often be demonstrated with a rigorous positiveness which a physical experimenter might well envy.'

The policy of *Science Survey* in dealing with the wider implications of the knowledge discussed is, on the whole, to ignore them. This can be seen in the section on fall-out, where the present degree of radioactive contamination from bomb testing is discussed, but not the probable effects of continued testing. Accordingly this section reads remarkably reassuringly.

Whereas *Science Survey* is essentially a record of new information, intelligently written in the traditionally impersonal scientific style, *Eye on Research* is chatty and personal. Mr Rattray Taylor was responsible for the television series with the same title, and the book describes some of the programmes. Mr Taylor's breathless approach results in some absurdities, as when he asks, in three consecutive sentences, the following 'exciting scientific questions':

> 'what *is* the cause of hay fever? Just what is it that the thousands of men who work within the high wire fences at Harwell do for their living? How *do* parents pass on to their children so many of their physical characteristics and features?'

Eye on Research isn't really, as it claims to be, an account of 'what is happening on the frontiers of science research' because applied science has a better visual impact than fundamental research. This interest in applied research can be justified: it's easier to put over, in that it's clear what it's *for*; and it's what the majority of scientists do. Mr Taylor also has the virtues of his defects: if he is at times unnecessarily personal, he has written a fair and thoughtful account of scientists themselves which the 'layman' ought to read; and if he concentrates on applied research, he is aware of its social implications.

In contrast to the Twenties, neither book is at all concerned with the philosophical or religious significance of the science it discusses, and Mr Taylor specifically makes the point that the ordinary scientist is just not interested. The reader has to work out the implications for himself, which is as it should be.

Scientifically sound and excellent in their different ways though they are, there's a danger which both of these books may run us into. That is an over-confidence brought about by dwelling too much on the successes of science and even more of technology. Those of us who labour at research are aware of the years spent on ideas which have proved worthless, the detailed experimental investigations of points which have been found to exemplify almost trivial deductions from existing theory, and the absurd difficulties in realising in hardware the most conceptually straightforward devices. Accordingly, if some expensive research programme turns out to be a flop we are not unduly dismayed, because we know that to hindsight scientific research often seems to be a wasteful activity. But if we have been brought to regard it as almost automatically successful, we shall cry 'treason!', or 'muddle!' when the goods fail, as they certainly will from time to time, to be delivered.

T. L. COTTRELL

Dry Farming

Homage to Clio. BY W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

W. H. Auden begins his latest collection with four lines on the dehydration of land, which ends, 'Methods of dry farming may still produce grain.' If the analogy is intended to apply to the poet in his fifties, good work behind him and old age ahead, one can at least report that *Homage to Clio* fills the barn with a healthy crop. One may be irritated at Auden for a variety of reasons but one must admit at the very least that he has an interesting mind and that his language is adequate to it. *Homage to Clio* is a civilised pleasure, like the 'good dinner' which Auden hopes for, 'Should the night come when comets blaze and meres break.'

It is true that the pleasure is 'dry', if by that adjective we mean that the pleasure occurs largely in Lawrence's 'upper cerebral regions.' The two big poems on which the book chiefly depends – 'Homage to Clio' and 'Good-bye to the Mezzogiorno' – are roughly in the manner of 'In Praise of Limestone', which is I suppose Auden's most sucessful poem of the recent past. They are written in a syllabic stanza which alternates lines of eleven and nine syllables. (In fact Auden allows himself considerable variation in the count, but there is so much consistency that we must call the form syllabic. Strictness of number is less relevant in long-lined syllabics than in most metres, because the ear cannot count over five or six without concentrating on the count rather than on the sense.) Auden

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(*Good Housekeeping*)

Illustrated in colour and black and white by Elizabeth Jackson *6s net*

CHATTO & WINDUS

performs the peculiar tone of the syllabic with his customary light skill. Make a new fiddle and he'll be its master. Syllabics are hard to describe: they give a sense of randomness within control. One poet has borrowed Leavis's phrase, 'creative exploration', to explain the sensation; another once said, with an irony which he intended, that they conveyed 'the authority of prose'. Here is Auden's chatty, inclusive, anti-rhetorical manner, from 'Goodbye to the Mezzogiorno':

> Out of a gothic North, the pallid children
> Of a potato, beer-or-whiskey
> Guilt culture, we behave like our fathers and come
> Southward into a sunburnt otherwhere.
>
> Of vineyards, baroque, *la bella figura,*
> To these feminine townships where men
> Are males, and siblings untrained in a ruthless
> Verbal in-fighting as it is taught
>
> In Protestant rectories upon drizzling
> Sunday afternoons . . .

His wit, which rhyme can make flashy, stands unaided by gimmicks, and is all the more effective.

As usual, he does a variety of things well. His 'Metalogue to the Magic Flute' is an occasional poem done in Augustan pastiche, and it is full of asides and allusions: 'Even *Macaulay's* schoolboy knows today What *Robert Graves* or *Margaret Mead* would say About the status of the sexes in this play . . .' Auden rhymes brilliantly on the off-stress in 'Dame Kind', writes a fine sonnet in 'Objects', and applies for membership in The Movement in 'Words'.

> A sentence uttered makes a world appear
> Where all things happen as it says they do;
> We doubt the speaker, not the tongue we hear:
> Words have no word for words that are not true.

Some of his best short lyrics in recent years are 'Makers of History' and 'There will Be No Peace'. Finally we have a section of thirty-two clerihews, two limericks and a tribute to Canon Jenkins of Christ Church.

The theme of the book is history, and the theme occurs throughout; even the dull stretch of prose notes – a sort of a diary kept while not writing a love poem – brings up the subject. Clio here is not merely the muse of armies and senates – though Auden fears, like any sane man, that our civilisation is done for; she is the sense of time passing and time past. Auden is a nostalgic historian, and his attitude toward history is paradoxically sustained by his desire for change. Northern visitors to Italy want to understand 'from/What we are not what we might be next . . .' Auden has always looked in the mirror to see who he is. The pathos, for the reader, is that he is always the same. He learns new ways of writing or abandons old ones; he reads a new book, he picks up a new idea. He resembles the creature of the limestone landscape: intelligent, not terribly committed, restless, and unable to break out of his own detachment.

Of course this is why Auden irritates us. Also, he irritates us because, as a literary influence, he has been responsible for so much which is sloppy and specious and semi-accomplished. One cannot blame a poet because his followers are bad; one may blame him for the *way* they are bad. His own affectation of carelessness (I assume that he knows he is outrageous) produces real carelessness in others. In his 'Goodbye to the Mezzogiorno', after witty and splendid lines he suddenly uses cliché dead metaphors of the grossest sort: '. . . there *yawns* a *gulf*/ Embraces cannot *bridge*.' (My italics.) One imagines W.H.A. telling W.H.A. 'Watch out. You're being too bright. Be modest. Muck it up a bit.' Or maybe W.H.A. would only quote a line from W.H.A.'s 'Homage to Clio' (torn protesting from its context): 'Banalities can be beautiful.'

DONALD HALL

ROMANS

BY
MICHAEL GRANT
AND
DON POTTINGER

The Listener says,
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GREEKS *The Observer* said,
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NELSON

Wrens, Mice, Sea-Stacks

St Kilda Summer. By KENNETH WILLIAMSON and J. MORTON BOYD. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

It is an odd paradox that it was the evacuation of St Kilda, the removal of the human population at its own request in 1930, that placed that small and remote group of islands upon the map of public consciousness, or made its name at least less unfamiliar than those of other isolated rocks off Britain's shores. Its very inaccessability, 50 miles out in the Atlantic beyond the Hebrides, would, one might have thought, have led St Kilda to become a symbol, even had it not boasted so many features unique in the British Isles – the highest sea-cliffs, the tallest rock-stacks, the greatest sea-bird colonies, a race of wrens and two of mice peculiar to St Kilda alone, a 'living fossil' type of sheep, and a human culture and architectural tradition possibly unbroken from prehistoric times until the twentieth century. For many generations the property of the MacLeods of MacLeod, the islands were bought by the late Lord Bute as a nature reserve, and finally leased to the Nature Conservancy under his bequest to the National Trust.

With so long and continuous a history of human colonisation it is amazing that so much should now be food for speculation; one would not expect to find here uncharted waters, unexplored sea-caves, or architectural remains that are the subject of conjecture. (St Kilda, by the way, is unknown to hagiology, and the name itself is thus a further mystery.) It is a surprise, too, to learn that only six parties have landed on Boreray, the second largest island of the group, in the past 30 years.

As seems the pattern for islands evacuated at State expense, comparatively few years passed before St Kilda was resettled, this time as a radar base in connection with the Uist rocket range. The authors of this book, as representatives of the Nature Conservancy both long familiar with St Kilda, accompanied the RAF establishing force of 300 men in 1957, and held a watching brief for the rich and varied wild life. This is an intelligent, stimulating, and sometimes beautiful book, by two scientists who display as great an interest in the architecture and culture of the vanished St Kildans as in the teeming birds and beasts that are more strictly their domain; and it contains an excellent bibliography of the St Kilda group. Possibly because of its joint authorship, the writing is, however, extraordinarily patchy, really praiseworthy descriptive writing and imagery struggling up through rank crops of exclamation marks such as flourish in the loamy editorials of prep school magazines; and it is a pity that a writer with the powers detectable in at least one of the authors should put his signature to the adjective 'indescribable' as a description of sight or sound. These things mar, but do not succeed in destroying, a book that should find a wide reading public. There are 24 photographs and a number of line drawings and maps in the text.

GAVIN MAXWELL

New Novels

The Goddam White Man. By DAVID LYTTON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 16*s.*

Escape to an Autumn Pavement. By ANDREW SALKEY. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

The Running Footsteps. By PETER COLERIDGE. *Elek.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

The Poem. By OSKAR DAVICO. Trans. ALEC BROWN. *Lincolns-Prager.* 21*s.*

The author-actor, the one who assumes the role of a character completely outside his own experience, is on to a very difficult job in that he must rely entirely on observation and intuition, and there is little he can dredge up out of the plumbing fixtures of his own soul that is very much use to him. Mr Colin MacInnes is an excellent author-actor and can become a teenager or a coloured man at will. Mr David Lytton is also very good at it. In *The Goddam White Man,* which I imagine must be his first novel (although he has the technical skill of an old hand), he is a coloured boy in the slums of a South African town. He is a boy called Johannes, who saves money in a tin and who is determined to get on in the world and grab his share of the booty. Johannes does it by forming his own gang, murdering a white woman for £50 and a white man for the hell of it, and he ends up triumphant, owning a rambling house where Europeans used to live. It says much for Mr Lytton's abilities as an impersonator that after the first 30 or 40 pages I glanced back at the dust cover to make sure that this novel was in fact written

by a white man who once worked for the Midlands BBC. I believe Mr Lytton when he tells me what it is like to be a coloured South African. I believe him when he tells me about the sound of the white man's voice: 'The voice gets stiff and it doesn't have any ups and downs when the white man talks to a coloured. It doesn't sound natural; sounds as if it needs grease.' I believe every delicate move in his sensitive account of Johannes's friendship with the white baas's daughter.

But in the end this kind of writing is one-dimensional; it's deep-etched, it's fully detailed, it has light and shade, but it is still one-dimensional. The point comes when Mr Lytton has got to get down in the soul. Johannes's house has just been raided by white police who want to know where he got all his money; the world he has built up looks like crumbling. Mr Lytton gives us an inspired piece of rhetoric against the 'goddam white man':

> These things are much harder than all the beatings and the injustice and these things are only the way a white man looks at, talks to you, the way he suspects you, the way he holds you down from stretching up into the sun.

But this is intuition, this is observation. *He doesn't actually know*, and in those last pages it is suddenly apparent that he doesn't know. All the same, this is a remarkable book, remarkable for its freshness and vigour and simplicity. There is the promise of two more novels dealing with other aspects of life in the Cape. If Mr Lytton can make that final reach down there into the plumbing he's going to produce something exciting.

Escape to an Autumn Pavement is written by a Jamaican about a Jamaican, and is notable for the fact that it isn't predominantly about the colour bar or about the life in exile, but rather about one man's personal problem. The problem is whether he should live with Fiona, a girl, or Dick, a man. This sexual riddle-me-ree is not solved at the end of the book and I found the pros and cons of it rather tedious, but there is some good stuff in the way of a description of life in a Hampstead boarding house, with its 'thick Sunday newspaper atmosphere' and of London life in general. Nice crack about the Hampsteadite who 'quotes Ken Tynan the way a Jamaican peasant quotes the Bible.'

The Running Footsteps is a weird novel – and is meant to be – about the chairman of a boot factory, one Ralph Stonebridge, who fancies little boys. He sets out on an offbeat pastoral mission to find out all about his grandfather, who apparently had similar tastes, in the hope that he may learn something that will help him. 'Brilliantly overwritten', somebody called Mr Coleridge's first novel, and this one is brilliantly overwritten too. Written, that is, in a colourful, almost hysterical style, full of Freudian puns and spoonerisms and goonish jokes and wild obsessional meanderings. Mr Coleridge doesn't catch images, he traps them, and they lie on the page where they fell. The style helps to distort the stark facts of Ralph Stonebridge's trouble, and I imagine they need distorting, but most of all it disguises the fact that the author is using a very long route to take us on a very short journey. 'Don't forget, we're fundamentally in the same boat, all of us,' says one character. 'The *Titanic*,' says Ralph. And that's really all the author has to say. Mr Coleridge has got the words and the feeling. I'd like to hear him once more with plot.

P. G. Wodehouse once wrote (rather surprisingly, I thought) about a club where they had a barrel in the centre of the floor, and into it they tossed all their cigar ash, dregs of brandy, bread crusts, pocket fluff and scraps. Eventually strange creatures came crawling out of the barrel, and the members then sat round beating at them with sticks. Well, I have such a barrel in my subconscious, and in it I place all those novels about people at odds with a totalitarian government, with their descriptions of white lights and pain and the curious affinities between torturers and tortured. The latest entrant is *The Poem*, a very long novel by the Yugoslav writer Oskar Davico, which deals with 36 hours in German-occupied Belgrade in the second year of the war. There is everything in it you would expect to find; the dedicated young man, the Party conflicts, the strange and lustful women, the hiding, the betrayal, the discussions, the father-figure, the boyhood memories, the door-knocking, the wireless, the funeral, the clean grass, the friendship, the stench, the simplicity of love, the murders, the questioning, the marching feet, the sweat, the dreams, and of course the torture, which in this case centres on a particularly hideous *Atlas of Points of Maximum Pain*. It adds up to a very compelling narrative, with some fine analytical interior monologue; but God knows what's going to come crawling out of that barrel one of these days.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

1789 and All That

The French Exiles 1789-1815. By MARGERY WEINER. *Murray*. 25*s*.

An Introduction to Eighteenth Century France. By JOHN LOUGH. *Longmans*. 28*s*.

Not since reading Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* have I been so torn between uncontrollable rage and reluctant admiration. Yet Miss Weiner's book, sharing as it does many of Burke's basic assumptions about human nature, induced this bewildering condition. After all, how can one *prove* that 1789 and Tom Paine and all that were good things? Miss Weiner closes her provocative apology for the French aristocratic exiles by quoting Fernand Baldensperger:

> These people suffered for a cause which history has in fact repudiated. But why should they lose the benefit of their sufferings because after their time the course of events has proved that they belonged to a world which had begun to vanish.

Naturally it is easier to condemn a class than each of the individuals who comprised it. Have not Baroness Orczy and those insidious strip cartoons of our childhood taught us where our sentiment should lie? Miss Weiner, at a much more sophisticated, scholarly and honest level does the same, mobilising a formidable knowledge of the period, a keen psychological insight and a lucid style to remind us of the virtues of the Burkean outlook.

Between 1791 and 1795, Miss Weiner writes, 'the hypocrites of the Revolution' passed decree after decree against the émigrés who became liable to execution for assembling beyond the frontiers, for returning to France, for going to the colonies and, finally, for not returning to France. Seventeen thousand perished under the Terror alone. Some fled to Coblentz where the Comte d'Artois was giving grand dinner-parties five nights a week, and it was from Coblentz that that Army of

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Princes sallied forth in July 1792 '*pour Dieu et le Roi*', burning 'with the chivalry of their Crusading ancestors.' One may be entitled to assume, though Miss Weiner does not stress this aspect, that the Crusaders in question were not entirely unmindful of their estates and of the millions of peasants who had lived in a condition of feudal servitude until the unhappy days of 1789.

Once defeated, the Crusaders turned a more practical eye towards England. Luckily, says the author, 'the principles of humanitarianism were fast taking hold . . . largely through the influence of the writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.' The Catholics were received no less hospitably than their Huguenot countrymen a hundred years before, and indeed by December 1792 Wilmot's relief committee had collected £19,303. Even the Catholic Bishops of France were quick to see the virtues of English Erastianism, namely a stipend of ten guineas a month. Better still: the Archbishop of Canterbury and his clergy throughout the country waxed eloquent in their pulpits for funds on behalf of the Catholic exiled priests! Rousseau, evidently, had even more to answer for than we are accustomed to imagine.

However, all was not well. Poor Artois (better known as Charles X – émigré *par excellence* of 1789 and 1830) was wandering around like a nomad, sharing 'the common table in the coffee-room of sordid inns like any lackey . . .' while Pitt's tax on hair-powder darkened the hours of many an aged émigré. But worse still: the exiles had to work. Some taught French and dancing, chess and fencing: one sold coke: others, like their descendents in contemporary Paris, opened restaurants.

With considerable research Miss Weiner has mapped out the topography of exile life in London. The wealthy lived on the fringe of the fashionable West End, while the majority were crowded into the area between Oxford Street and the Marylebone Road, bounded by Portman Street and Harley Street. She traces the political dilemmas which faced the exiles as the French domestic scene changed from Republic to Consulate and Empire. By 1807 many had returned to France, although 1,400 of the more cautious remained in England until the Restoration.

Repudiating 'the cheap jibe' that 'the Bourbons learned nothing and forgot nothing', Miss Weiner remarks that during their exile 'they learned of liberal institutions and liberality of heart.' This is perhaps as hard to digest as her parallel between the victims of 1789 and those of Nazism.

The causes of one's scepticism are embodied in Professor Lough's most workmanlike *An Introduction to Eighteenth Century France* which describes in detail the extent of the feudal burden imposed on the French peasantry and the manner in which a privileged caste of nobles and clergy lived like parasites off the toil of the poor. Professor Lough's picture of the Court nobility battening on the Treasury, drawing huge sums in pensions and gifts, and of the clergy defending its exemptions from many types of indirect taxation, may help to modify our sentiment for Miss Weiner's exiles. Government, the high civil service, the law courts and the Church were all virtually closed to the bourgeoisie – as was the Army. It is worth remembering that the Revolution which eventually swept away so many privileges of the nobility was largely precipitated by that very section of the community.

Professor Lough's account of the events leading to the Revolution itself is remarkable both for its precision and brevity. His is also a social and cultural history: the chapter on the financial problems of the French writers, showing the comparative prosperity of their British counterparts, is a revelation, while the section on literature and ideas should serve as an appetiser for those whose knowledge of the Age of Reason is still slender.

DAVID CAUTE

EVELYN WAUGH

last year made an extended voyage to and through Africa. Starting from Genoa (where he met once again his celebrated Mrs Stitch), he travelled to and through and round and in Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Rhodesia; and South Africa. His eye and mind were as sharp and alert as ever, and the result is to be published as a book by Chapman and Hall.

Starting on July 15th, 'Tourist in Africa' will be serialised in the

SPECTATOR

FRIDAYS **NINEPENCE**

Casement's Treaty

Trial of Sir Roger Casement. New edition edited by MONTGOMERY HYDE. *Hodge.* 18*s.*

In view of the vast expenditure of printers' ink on the Casement story in recent years, it may seem unnecessary to have reprinted the long text of the trials with a new and lengthy introduction. But Mr Montgomery Hyde can be trusted not to waste his own time or that of his readers. He is not only able to give a coherent and reasonably full account of the complicated events which led up to and succeeded the trial (clearing up many lesser mystifications in his sweep) but he includes an accurate account of the five Diaries in the Public Record office and much valuable unpublished material brought to light by his diligence. One even suspects that the oyster-like traditions of the Home Office have yielded to his tactful touch. Among important new documents is a full transcript of the shorthand notes of Casement's interrogation by Basil Thomson at Scotland Yard.

The most dramatic fresh revelation concerns the agreement, which Casement pompously called 'the Treaty', drawn up between himself and the Germans in December 1914. The first few clauses laid down that 'the object of the Irish Brigade shall be to fight solely in the cause of Ireland . . .' and 'the Brigade shall be formed and shall fight under the Irish flag alone.' The full text printed in Denis Gwynn's book on Casement and in the *Black Diaries* shows however that Articles 7 and 8 inconsistently contained provisions that if the Germans did not succeed in opening up a sea route to Ireland 'it might be possible to employ the Irish Brigade to assist the Egyptian people to recover their freedom by driving the British out of Egypt', and with this end in view they could be sent to Constantinople to fight as a volunteer corps attached to the Turkish Army. Secure in the knowledge that no copy of this document had reached the British, Casement and his counsel acting on his instructions had made great play with a claim that he was acting merely as an Irish patriot. 'I never advised Irishmen to fight with Turks against the Russians [true enough]; I never asked an Irishman to fight for Germany. I have always claimed he has no right to fight for any land but Ireland,' he had declared in Court, with a copy of the 'Treaty' actually under his hand, and in his mind the knowledge that only four months before he had tried his best to induce the Germans to send his Brigade to Turkey to fight in Egypt.

Unfortunately for himself, Casement left these papers behind him in Court and later put them into the hands of the prison governor addressed to his cousin with a covering note that 'there was enough in these papers to hang me ten times over'. He was only too right. They were laid before the Cabinet and Mr Montgomery Hyde argues very plausibly that they were much more likely than the Diaries to have hardened its attitude against reprieve.

The clear, steady beam Mr Hyde has thrown on the case lights up remorselessly the strange inconsistencies in the behaviour of the principal actors in this drama. Memorable instances of dignity and duplicity, justice administered with generosity, and cruel harshness to a broken man jostle each other on every page: overall is the nagging impression that the revealing of the Diaries was as unnecessary as it was mean.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

In the Margin

Prince Napoleon in America 1861. BY C. F. PISANI. *Galley Press.* 25*s.*

At the crisis of American destinies there were almost no native journalists, historians or writers – with the exception of the intermittent and viewy Henry Adams and a few others – to describe and analyse events. One is, therefore, largely dependent on the diaries and dispatches of foreign observers, notably the Comte de Paris, the British Colonel Fremantle, and W. H. Russell of *The Times*, for any sense of the atmosphere of the American Civil War.

This book is a useful addition to the literature of foreign comment. Idle curosity took Prince Napoleon, the comic Plon-Plon, son of Jerome Bonaparte and a Würtemberg Princess – 'a good copy of the first Emperor dipped in German grease' – and an indefatigable ringside spectator of Victorian wars, to the United States in the summer of 1861. He himself was probably too busy laying down the law to record much, but his aide-de-camp corresponded indefatigably with a fellow courtier who had been left behind, and these letters are the result. Ferri Pisani had an

excellent gift of observation and his descriptions of places and people are graphic and delightful. His political judgment was, however, naive in the extreme and he fell into almost every trap that was waiting for him. The royal party arrived in Washington a few weeks after First Bull Run when the capital itself seemed in imminent danger. They were received by Lincoln (and were horrified by the fact that there was no doorman at the White House), but were gulled, as indeed were many Americans, by Seward, the Secretary of State, into believing that he really ran both Lincoln and the Government. The fighting qualities and discipline of both armies seemed to him non-existent, though he was enormously impressed by the generals on both sides. In fact one of the most interesting things in the letters is his reflection of the view that the most likely outcome of events might be a military *coup d'état* by McLellan and other officers, who commanded a degree of public confidence which Lincoln did not, to end a war which the New York bankers assured him nobody but a few diehard Republicans really wanted.

Pisani's political judgment was wrong on almost every point, nor is his analysis of the American society that he found very profound, despite occasional attempts at Tocquevillian prophecy. 'Will America someday be Europe's protector and master, just as a hundred years ago Europe was America's?' But few more vivid descriptions of the actual feel and smell of America a century ago – the discomfort of the railways, the stodginess of the food, the slapdash construction of the bridges, the beauty of the girls who clearly bowled him over – have ever been written. This is marginalia at its most delightful.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

Down With Aha!

Reading and the Psychology of Perception. By HUNTER DIACK. *Peter Skinner.* 21*s.*

This is an angry, argumentative book. Its narky note is unusual among the mild accents of educational books, and absolutely rare in the peaceful cooing of books on children's reading. As in many polemical works, everything becomes an occasion for testifying to the truth of the thesis. Mr Diack doesn't exactly bring in the kitchen sink, but he does conclude (on page 153) portentously enough with what he calls 'the war of ideas'. Its irritability, however, does give it a welcome touch of vitality, and its truculence oughtn't to disguise from us that the author is making a very solid and apt criticism of the way most children are taught to read.

According to Mr Diack, and I am sure he is right, modern teaching methods in reading are based almost exclusively on the theory of perception developed by the Gestalt psychologists. If perception is essentially a matter of apprehending complete wholes by a sudden intuitive insight into a pattern, 'the Aha!' theory, then it follows that the teaching of reading must be the training of children to recognise whole words – the 'look and say' method, as it is called. Unfortunately, recognising a word doesn't necessarily give you facility in recognising different words. If you are trained simply to make gross discriminations, you won't be able to master the fine discriminations necessary for recognising totally new words. You won't in fact be able to read. Mr Diack insists that a vast amount of the teaching of reading ignores the fact that English is an alphabetical language. But a child isn't able to read until he understands that letters have meanings. A letter conveys instructions about the use of the voice muscles, and the order of the letters conveys information as to the order in which these instructions are to be carried out. Only when children understand this can they be said to read.

What Mr Diack says about this is important and true and thoroughly well grounded in experiment and common sense. In fact, most children who are taught by the 'look and say' method make their own analytical discrimination of letters, although, on the whole, without the approval of their teachers.

The positive part of Mr Diack's clear and vivid account will certainly help to correct some of the inanities which are at present current in the teaching of reading. But his view that a silly application of the Gestalt theory invalidates the theory simply won't do. To this one can't say Aha!, but only No, no!

WILLIAM WALSH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,585 Set by Guy de Vavasour

A recent *Times* leader quoted, in verse summary, the opening of Gray's *Elegy*:

> Dusk tolls,
> Herds flee,
> Hinds scoot:
> Not me.

Prizes are offered for a six-line condensed version – each line to contain two syllables – of any of the following: *Ode on a Grecian Urn,* Pope's *Essay on Man,* one of the *Four Quartets,* Hamlet's 'To be, or not to be' speech, Tennyson's *Ulysses,* Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode* or Auden's *Spain.* Entries by 19 July.

Result of No. 1,582 Set by Buzfuz

Fathers' Day (on 18 June this year) is, alas, less widely remembered than Mothers' Day. The usual prizes are offered for a suggested Fathers' Day gift, embodied in a poem of greeting, to his or her father from Elizabeth Barrett, Oedipus, Hamlet, Henry V, Samuel Butler, Telemachus, the 5th Earl of Chesterfield, or Eliza Doolittle. Limit 12 lines.

Report

It is perhaps significant that our most forcible reminders of Fathers' Day came from Woolworth's, and the general meagreness of the gifts sent to Papa by these children was in keeping with the lowness of price associated with that company. Some entrants, indeed, omitted any present. Doolittle *père* came in for a course of evening classes 'at the Polyteck', a dustcan, a bowler hat, and Roget's *Thesaurus.* For the rest, it was six feet of earth for Laius, a mug of porter for Edward Moulton Barrett, a quill for Lord Chesterfield, *The Way of All Flesh* for Butler Senior, and a crown (5s. piece) for Henry IV.

The standard of entries was not particularly good and it was relatively easy to pick out Martin Fagg for two guineas, and R. A. McKenzie, H. A. C. Evans and P. R. W. Foot for a guinea each. Honourable mention to Pamela Sinclair, R. Kennard Davis, Alberick, Doris Pulsford, A. M. Sayers and Mrs V. R. Ormerod.

TELEMACHUS

I hope you won't be offended, dear father,
With this gift of a tape-recorder. It's just that we'd rather
Not hear any more about your experiences – if you *don't* mind.
I know that after all you've been through, this may seem unkind
On our part. But just think how depressing
It is for us to find ourselves saddled with a travel bore who keeps digressing
About self-indulgent playboys on the coast of North Africa, sirens, enchantresses, one-eyed monsters – the lot!
Frankly, I've never heard such infantile rot
As you keep us yawning with, night after night after night.
No wonder mother looks an absolute fright;
(Ten years slaving at that blasted web and nothing to show for it, poor woman!) So now, just by turning this switch – thus,
You can recite your reminiscences to posterity – but please, *please,* not to us!

MARTIN FAGG

SAMUEL BUTLER

(*Accompanying a Decanter of Sulphuric Acid*)

Old Paternal-gobble-us, taughtest thou me not to kneel
Before ever I could walk? to pray ere I could properly speak?

If the Gown Fits

A. P. ROWE

A highly controversial account of university administration in which an ex-Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide attacks the failure of universities everywhere to adapt themselves to the increased needs for teaching and research. MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY PRESS. 30*s. net*

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DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL
12-25th September, 1960

ABBEY THEATRE: 12-24th Sept. Premiere of "Songs of the Anvil" by Bryan MacMahon.

OLYMPIA THEATRE: 12-17th Sept. Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, presents "Hassan" by James Elroy Flecker. Direction by Basil Dean, settings and costumes by Disley Jones. 19-24th Sept. The Old Vic Company in a Shakespearean production.

GATE THEATRE: 13-24th Sept. Lord Longford Productions "An Ideal Husband" by Oscar Wilde.

GAIETY THEATRE: 12-14th September. Dublin Festival Company present Siobhan McKenna in "The Playboy of the Western World" by J. M. Synge.
15-17th Sept. Cyril Cusack Productions. World premiere of "The Voices of Doolin," a new play by Walter Macken.
18-25th Sept. Hilton Edwards/Michael MacLiammoir (Dublin Gate Theatre Productions). A recital by Michael MacLiammoir "The Importance of Being Oscar."

PIKE THEATRE: 11-25th September. An adaptation from Tolstoy's novel "The Kreutzer Sonata" by Roderick Lovell and Hannah Watt. Direction by Alan Simpson.

THEATRE ROYAL: 12-24th September. International Variety, twice nightly.

GAS COMPANY *DUN LAOIRE*: 14-25th September. Orion Productions present world premiere of "The Highest House on the Mountain" by John B. Keane.

EBLANA THEATRE: Dublin Globe Theatre Company (in association with Liffey Theatre Productions).
12-17th September. World premiere of "Mourn The Ivy Leaf" by G. P. Gallivan.
19-24th September. World premiere of "A Walk on the Water" by Hugh Leonard.
Liffey Theatre Productions: Intimate Review, nightly, 9.15 p.m.
Tickets & Booking: Prices range from 3/- to 12/6d. *Britain:* Thos. Cook; American Express (all branches). *Belfast:* The Empire Theatre. *Dublin:* Festival Office, 6 South Great George's Street, Pigott's, 112 Grafton Street.
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Beatest thou me not bi-weekly on the seat of the
ancestor of these trousers?
Am I not here indelibly etched in the perfection
of thine own likeness,
O Dad? O Vitriol!
Still preferest thou doctrines of dust to the creed
of the living?
The incompatibility of Four Gospels to the logic
of the unfolding larva?
So be it! Yet art thou my progenitor, to whom
on Fathers' Day
Would I not be unfilial. Accept my token,
O Dad? O Vitriol!

R. A. McKENZIE

THE FIFTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

To you, my honour'd and most noble sire,
To match whose virtues I would e'er aspire,
My filial service and respect I pay
In celebration of your natal day.
E'en were I not by kinship's bonds enchain'd
Yet by your kindness would I be constrain'd,
Whose wit and wisdom long have been my guide,
Who are the great world's *Form* personified.
In debt for past, in hope of future gain,
I beg you with accept, without disdain,
As proof what gratitude my bosom fills,
This ream of paper and this case of quills.

H. A. C. EVANS

OEDIPUS

Because I know not who you are,
I send no wine this day;
I only hope you read the words
Of one who has to slay.
I'd praise you with all noble words,
Your enemies send reeling;
Remember, what I have to do,
I do with no ill feeling.
For thus the Oracle hath said
My gift shall not be sweet –
I, who would give all the earth,
May offer but six feet.

P. W. R. FOOT

COMPANY MEETING

BOVRIL LIMITED

Lord Luke reviews an all-time record year

In his annual statement to shareholders in London, Lord Luke, Chairman of Bovril Ltd. reported that sales of the Company's products had reached an all-time record during the year. Bovril itself represented a considerable proportion of the increase.

Sales of Bovril Corned Beef in the U.S.A. were the highest ever recorded. Sales of cheese from Magheralin continued most satisfactorily and Gold Cup Jaffajuce sales showed expansion in spite of keen competition. Six varieties of Ambrosia milk puddings are now being marketed and as a result of a full season's working of the new Creamery at Lifton, savings through modern methods of production have made it possible to reduce prices.

Standard Bovril has been made available to Hospitals at special prices, a concession which has been much appreciated by the Hospital Boards.

During 1959 the Group acquired all the Ordinary Shares in Hammett's Dairies Limited.

New Capital Scheme

Lord Luke announced a scheme for the reorganisation of the capital structure of the Bovril Group of Companies. The objects are broadly to modernise the share voting and to give all classes of shareholders a more comprehensive stake in the Group itself.

The Group's net Profit was £803,175 of which £191,518 is retained in the Subsidiaries. After transferring £100,000 to General Reserve, the Directors recommended a final dividend on Deferred Stock of 19 per cent., making 24 per cent. for the year.

City Lights

Fancy Figures

The official statisticians have been doing their best this week for those of the government's supporters who want to help kick Mr Amory upstairs. Irritation grabs strange weapons, even balance of payments figures which are tentative, distorted by leads and lags, and well over three months out of date: but the Treasury thought there might have been a small visible surplus in the first quarter of 1960, something marginally better than would have been expected from the monthly trade returns, and people at once began to roar that if only Mr Amory had had the courage to wait for this revelation he need never have been pushed into six per cent. That was only a beginning. First the provisional production index for May turned out to be lower than the upward-revised figure for April; then HP sales of cars were found to have fallen heavily in May and retail sales generally in that month to have been lower that at first thought; then the gold reserve rose reasonably well in June. Where had the economic crisis got to? Sterling was strong, and the danger of an autumn currency crisis had largely disappeared; the HP boom and the long rise in bank advances, even if they had not been prepared to reverse themselves, had been stopped decisively by the first set of restrictions. Why the second set? Why was Mr Amory, after allowing the Inland Revenue to dictate his Finance Bill, now allowing the clammy grip of the Treasury to throttle British enterprise?

If it is difficult for the City to get used to the idea of the government preparing for trouble before it has actually arrived, it is at least equally difficult for businessmen to realise that not every batch of Tory restrictions is meant to produce a prolonged setback in industrial output. Everything, no doubt, seems clear in the Treasury. The check to the growth of public investment can have no effect until next year. The second call for special deposits will merely neutralise the seasonal growth of bank liquidity: if the banks are foolish enough to spite themselves as well as their customers by attempting to increase their liquidity ratios in the autumn as they did in the old days, it will be only through a petulant refusal to admit that Grandma, however reluctantly, now cracks the whip. The further increase in Bank rate, besides making it less attractive to switch sterling into D-marks, will discourage speculation in stocks and property and encourage industry to borrow back some of the cash with which it has been cramming investors' pockets. The whole programme, presumably, is neatly designed to make room for the upsurge in industrial investment, which is long overdue and urgently necessary if Britain is to be thrown into Europe and an unknown world of permanently low profit margins. The trouble is that nobody has bothered to explain this clearly and loudly: Mr Amory cannot complain if he is misunderstood.

* * *

The latest round of rumours about trouble among the HP finance houses (sedulously fostered by one of the larger houses) rests on the collapse of the second-hand car market and the fact that it now pays anyone with the necessary acumen to give up his HP instalments and return to the finance company a car which can be sold only at an unusually considerable loss. The previous round, towards the end of last year, rested on excessive competition for business and the fact that dealers operating from bombed sites and scrap-yards were proving bad credit risks: the rumours concerned fraud and losses on Merseyside and in the south-west, and one finance house after another announced indignantly that it was not concerned. Western Credit, a finance house based on Plymouth, has not been so lucky. It has had to increase its provision for 'suspect debts' from £66,000 to £400,000, announce a loss of £300,000 for 1959-60, and pass both its Ordinary and its final Preference dividend: an unsecured loan of £250,000 is being raised to put things straight and the company hopes to improve its liquidity by taking on less new business. It is now a couple of years since the banks and other City institutions, with official encouragement, took over or took a major interest in most of the large and medium-sized HP finance houses for the sake of helping not only their own profits but the financial strength of the new movement. Hambros Bank and Phoenix Assurance put new capital into Western Credit and took a 30 per cent interest in it; it is their friends who must now put in another £250,000.

* * *

Telephone Manufacturing is a company which does, unprofitably, what its name suggests; the directors recently announced that Pye, which knows about the fast-growing electronics side of telephone work, meant to put in a bid. A week later, just as the Pye share-exchange terms were announced, a cash counter-bid was put in by a syndicate of the seven large firms which run the telephone industry: the terms are close, the shares have already doubled, and there has been heavy buying in the market. Pye seems as anxious to get into the business of supplying the GPO as the established firms seem anxious to keep it out.

Company News

Overdrafts are still large and overdraft rates have gone up again; *Lloyds, Martins,* the *Westminster* and the *Royal Bank of Scotland* (with the National Provincial as a doubtful fifth) have celebrated the increase in Bank rate by raising their interim dividends.

Turner & Newall, the asbestos octupus, is making a one-for-one scrip issue and forecasting an effective increase in dividend, from ten to 11¼ per cent.

Whitehead Iron has announced half-year profits more than doubled after tax, but is cautiously raising its interim dividend only from ten to 12½ per cent.

Spillers is issuing £8m of debenture stock, the first six per cent Bank rate – a six per cent issue at 98½.

The *Godfrey Phillips* chairman has put down the increase in profit to everything but an improvement in home cigarette sales; *Richardsons Westgarth* chairman has warned shareholders to expect a lower dividend.

Lloyds is thinking of going into life insurance, *Express Dairy* has had trouble in getting an issue of non-voting shares underwritten by insurance companies, and *British Match,* which already produces Bengal Lights, is diversifying itself more wholeheartedly by acquiring Pain's Fireworks.

TAURUS

PERSONAL

TV WRITERS' SCHOOL
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Courses in Script Writing by top-bracket TV writers. The highest-paying writing market in the world.

FREE holiday accommodation (own kitchen), 25 July-31 Aug., for two (possibly three) in large country house, glorious grounds/tennis/sea, in return for really nice, cheerful woman cook mid-day meal family 4. Also generous fee offered experienced coach GCE for Public School boy 14 yrs. Dr L. Encombe, Sandgate, Kent.

EMIGRATING couple forced to abandon E Jaguar 1939, 1½ litre. Excellent condition. Would take suit. passenger(s) on trip to Naples & leave him car for nominal consdn. Lvg London 16 July. STA. 5598.

HAPPY nursery life in comf. cottage for babies and small children while parents are on holiday. Marguerite Hirst, Well Yard, Beyton, Bury St Edmunds.

CAR seats 2/3 Frankfurt/Main, 29/30 July, back 7/8 August. Box 5869.

RIVIERA-return September. 2 seats vacant Austin A35. Box 5927.

RESEARCH in British Museum. Literary, musical or historical subjects undertaken. Box 5876.

QUESTORS' Theatre, Ealing, has vacancies for acting members (subject to audition) as result of expansion in connection with building of new theatre. Apply Questors, Mattock Lane, W5. EAL. 5184.

TWO German girls, 19 & 20, desire work au pair from 1 Aug. in different English families, in London. Box 5242

TWO girls, 20's, require car seats Italy, 29 July approx. MUS. 6782 evngs.

ANGRY Motorist. Very angry motorists write Box 5929 enclosing 3d. stamp.

EDITOR on hol. 30 July-16 Aug. sks responsible woman to stay with 2 daughters (10 & 12) each night from 5 p.m. & wkends. Flat overlkg Hampstead Hth. LAN. 6807 (10-5).

GRAD. (girl) sks board & lodging in country/seaside 25 July-25 Aug. in retn pt-time work, secretl or dom. Must have spare time for own research. Box 5913.

RUSSIAN-spkg German girl 17, wishes exch. help for bd July-Aug. Box 5825.

TWELVE-seater to Spain. September. Approximately £12 return. Gudgeon, 21 Tavitон Street, London, WC1.

A FOSTER home is wanted for an 11 year old boy who has a warm and lively temperament and is about to go to a Grammar School. Replies to Children's Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Ref. C/JM/301.

GENT, 31, seeks 2-3 passengers (shared expenses) for tour in French Alps early September by Morris Minor. Box 5692.

INTELLIGENT married woman (23) requires resident post as Nanny/Mother's help etc. where own 20 mth child welcome. Prev. exp. with children. Ref. avail. London-Oxford areas pref. Box 5780.

YOUNG girl (member of large family?) genuinely fond of children, wanted as resident mother's help (children under 2) in remote Suffolk mansion. Box 5778.

OVER 25's Dance/Social Club, West End. S.a.e. Mr M. Whelan, 36 First Ave, W3.

FRENCH private tuition and convsn classes. NOR. 2106. Phone after 5 pm

BRILLIANT but lazy writer seeks prodding partner for TV plays. Box 5639.

BACH. 26, Contntl, wishes meet simil. view finding/sharing flat. Box 5649.

GENTLEMAN, early 50's, contemplating car tour, London to John O'Groats 30 July, 2 weeks, seeks companion (m). Share expenses. Please apply Box 5949.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

STILL a few places left! Professional groups, Switzerland 12 days £29 17s. 6d. Departures 11 and 18 July, 1, 8, 15, 22 August. Box 5721.

TOMORROW many Algerian refugees who could have lived are likely to die from hunger, disease and exposure. Help us to save others who face death unless help comes swiftly. Please send contributions to: The Hon. Treasurer, The UK Committee for Algerian Refugees, 49 Denison House, 296(A) Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

LYRICS & sketches reqd Scripts and s.a.e: Irving Th., Leicester Sq. WC2

BRIEFER than you dare! Swim trunks 100% nylon made in France. Men's sizes 15s. 9d., Youths' 12s. 9d. S.a.e. Box 5862 for details.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses', may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LAN. 3626 & Brighton 52663).

PERSONAL—continued

CHEAP hol. in Cornwall, Sept. with 2 couples with babies. KIN 8952/RIC 3557.

PICTURES for Waiting Rooms. Will any doctor impressed by recent 'Times' article, please communicate, as I have some really terrible efforts in stock. All hand-painted. No extra charge. Holder, 73 Castelnau, Barnes. (Private address: appointments only).

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The Chess Board

No. 556 The Tactical Retreat

We've heard a lot about strategic retreats, but what I am about to show is rather a tactical trick. The French have a word for it: *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and that's exactly what happened in this position. /8/5pk1/3q1kt2/p2p1Pp1/P2Q2P1/3K1B2/16/. If White were to maintain his K&Q as ideally posted as they are Black could do nothing to exploit his plus-pawn. Hence the retreat to lure White on to positions that look good but aren't.

(1) . . . K-B1; (2) Q-B3, Q-Q1; (3) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt2; (4) K-Q4? [Marching to his doom. By simply retreating the Q to Q4 he could have made sure of the draw], Q-QKt1!; (5) Q-B3, Q-B5 ch; (6) K-B5, QxRP; (7) Q-Q2, QxKtP!, and White resigned.

The wily tactician was H. Müller, and this is one of the very few examples of his own prowess included among the 355 diagrams of his new book *Angriff und Verteidigung* (de Gruyter, Berlin, DM 10.80). There are 145 games and 297 game-positions, most of them from modern master-practice and each of them significant for one or another aspect of attack or defence. Here (Keres-Petrov, 1940) is an instructive example of how to unleash the power of a pair of Bishops against a K-wing more or less inevitably jeopardised by weakening P-moves.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, P-Q4; (3) PxQP, P-K5; (4) P-Q3, Kt-KB3; (5) QKt-Q2, PxP; (6) BxP, QxP?; (7) KKt-B3, B-QB4; (8) Q-K2 ch, Q-K3; (9) Kt-K5, O-O; (10) Kt-K4, KtxKt; (11) QxKt, P-KKt3 [The lesser evil might have been . . . P-KB4]; (12) P-QKt4!, B-K2; (13) B-Kt2, B-B3; (14) O-O-O, Kt-B3; (15) P-KR4!, P-KR4; (16) P-Kt4!, BxKt; (17) PxB, QxKtP; (18) Q-K3, KtxKtP? [Imperative was . . . Q-K3]; (19) P-K6!, Kt-Q4; (20) PxP ch, RxP; (21) B-B4! [Both pieces, of course, taboo], P-B3; (22) RxKt!, QxB; (23) Q-K8 ch, resigns.

And here Taimanov (Black against Unzicker 1952) punishes his opponent's passive play by dominating a decisive centre-square.

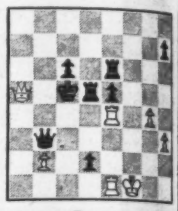
(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) B-K2, P-K4; (7) Kt-B3, P-KR3; (8) O-O, B-K2; (9) R-K1, O-O; (10) P-KR3, P-R3; (11) B-B1, P-QKt4; (12) P-R3? (P-QR4!), B-Kt2; (13) P-QKt3?, R-B1; (14) B-Kt2, R-B2; (15) Kt-Kt1, Q-R1!; (16) QKt-Q2, Kt-Q1; (17) B-Q3, Kt-K3; (18) R-QB1, KR-B1; (19) Kt-R2, Kt-Q2; (20) KKt-B1, Kt(2)-B4; (21) Kt-Kt3, P-Kt3; (22) Kt-K2, B-Kt4! (KtxKP?); (23) Kt-QB3, Kt-Q5!; (24) Kt(3)-Kt1, P-Q4!; (25) PxP, KtxB; (26) PxKt, RxR; (27) BxR, BxP; (28) P-B3, R-B7; (29) P-QR4, P-Kt5; (30) K-R1, Q-B3; (31) Resigns.

Finally (Schlechter-Duras, 1906) a most enterprising defence conjured up in what looks like a hopeless position for White. /2r3k1/p7/2p1b3/2P1B1p1/1Kt1P2p1/5r2/1P2KP2/6R1/.

(1) P-Q5!!, PxP; (2) Kt-B2!, B-Q2; (3) P-B6!!, BxP; (4) Kt-Q4, R-KR6; (5) RxP, R-R4; (6) B-B6, B-Q2; (7) RxP ch, RxR; (8) BxR, K-B2; (9) K-Q3, K-Kt3; (10) B-K3, P-R3; (11) B-Q2, B-B4 ch; (12) K-K2, R-QKt1; (13) B-B3, R-K1 ch; (14) K-Q2, K-Kt4; (15) Kt-Kt3, B-Q2; (16) B-Q4, K-B5; (17) B-K3 ch, and Black had to accept the draw.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, much too proud of his passed P, wished to avoid the perpetual White was offering [by . . . K-Q3; (2) Q-Q8 ch etc]. He interposed his Queen, hoping for a won ending after... Q-Kt4 ch, and he got the shock of his life when the expected Q-swop failed to materialise and White surprised him by a move forcing immediate resignation. Moreover, this inspired a problemist to compose **B**, a mate in 3 which, with so useful a hint, should be quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points. **C** (for 7) is a win for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 August.

A: I. R. Bucher 1959



B: E. Gross, 1960: /8/1b6/1kpQ4/1BR5/1B6/16/7K/.

C: P. Heuäcker, 1960: /8/1p6/8/Pk5p/2p4B/1Kt6/kt7/K7/.

REPORT on No. 552 Set 11 June

A: . . . Kt-Q5 ch; (14) K-K3, Kt(2)-B4 mate.

B: (1) Q-B6!, PxQ [Forced on account of the threatened Q-B1]; (2) Kt-R3!, PxKt [Forced again]; (3) R-Kt8 mate.

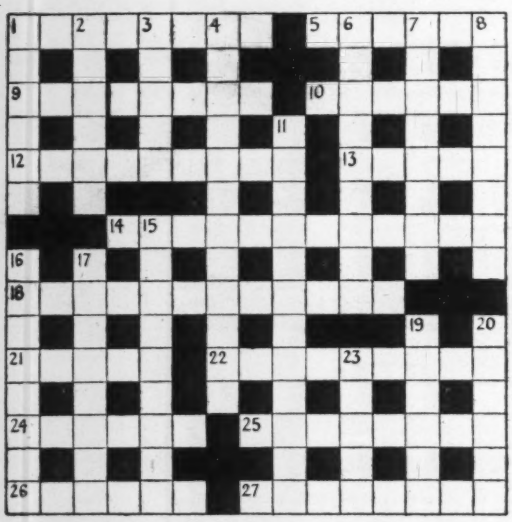
C: (1) R-B8 ch, KxR· (2) P-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1; (3) P-Q7, K-B2; (4) PxR = B!!, K-Kt1; (5) B-Kt7!, K-B2; (6) KxP, etc.

Plenty of flawless solutions. Prizes: M. A. Anderson, C. H. Brown, W. M. Hancock, P. R. Kings, J. Mitchell, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 413

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15*s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword* 413, *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post* 19 *July.*



ACROSS

1. Order nothing for the troops (8).
5. The cleverest are prosperous in the end (6).
9. With haughtiness and speed other planes are excluded from it (3, 5).
10. Operatic character that is about made acceptable in America (6).
12. 'Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from ——, disavows Progress' (Disraeli) (9).
13. Drive in sending him pell-mell (5).
14. The mimics return amid applause which is grudging (12).
18. Climax which is the result of desire about the beginning of the season (12).
21. Escape amid the deceived (5).
22. Sat in deep confusion when high and low are closest (9).
24. Enticing food (6).
25. The journalist has an island in the spring (8).
26. Composed although roughly teased (6).
27. Women at work rearranging trinkets (8).

DOWN

1. The winners have tea with politicians (6).
2. An extra allowance to spoil with a drink (6).
3. Jelly among what was picked from the menu (5).
4. There is good climbing on an island in a modest interpretation (12).
6. Punishment for reforming saint in bachelor party (9).
7. A matter of omission, with various lies about the speakers (8).
8. Science which is *the* science? (8).
11. Window arrangement mainly made up from home allotment (12).
15. Employ a pressing creature in a warm habitation (9).
16. 'Books must follow ——, and not —— books' (Bacon) (8).
17. Suffered a dog in the converted diner (8).
19. Stick a time on this place (6).
20. Second in the awards for songs (6).
23. Silent as the animal climbs on it (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 411

T	E	S	T	T	U	B	E	■	F	I	N	I	S	H
U	■	U	■	O	■	E	■	■	N	■	S	■	E	■
L	E	M	O	N	A	D	E	■	V	E	R	O	N	A
I	■	M	■	G	■	E	■	■	■	F	■	D	■	R
P	R	I	M	A	E	V	A	L	■	F	L	I	N	T
S	■	T	■	■	I	■	A	■	A	■	C	■	I	■
■	■	■	B	O	L	I	N	G	B	R	O	K	E	■
D	E	■	A	■	M	■	D	■	L	■	N	■	S	■
I	N	T	E	R	N	E	C	I	N	E	■	■	■	■
A	■	H	■	B	■	N	■	N	■	■	■	S	■	D
L	A	N	C	E	■	T	I	G	H	T	R	O	P	E
E	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	G	■	H	■	L	■	M
C	O	R	P	U	S	■	D	E	L	E	G	A	T	E
T	■	C	■	E	■	■	■	A	■	T	■	C	■	N
S	C	H	I	S	M	■	A	R	M	A	M	E	N	T

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 411

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COTSWOLDS. Guests welcomed in Country House in lovely valley. 7-8 gns. Reduction for long stay. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093 evgs.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

LOW-WOOD Guest House, Bethersden, Ashford, Kent, is now under new management. Guests of all ages are welcome. Permanent or short periods. Reas. charges. Excellent services. Brochure on applicn, write Mrs Smith as above. Tel. Bethersden 222.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire. Delightful small cntry seaside town. Good accom. available. B. & b. & Dinner. H. & c. Particulars: Drake, Porthmeor, Tel. 293.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain Essential for tourists. 100 pages, 2s 10d, post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere Broch: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel. 508

COTSWOLDS. Tower Hse Hotel, Woodchester, Stroud Valley, Georgian Hse own parkld, tennis court, lovely situation.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted Victor Hilton, 5 Sundial House, Torquay.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Kervonn Hotel. From 30s. Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

PARIS Pension, 75 Rue Cardinal Lemoine, Ve. Full bd 38s., half 30s. dly. Quiet, ideal for study: good cuisine, recomm.

SMALL Hotel, simple unspoiled village, Italian Adriatic. Superb situation. Reas. terms. Pensione Amedeo, Sirolo, Ancona.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly. After Paris – What Next? R. Palme Dutt; Labour's Nuclear Policy, W. Wainwright; GCT Giles on B. Simon's 'History of Education'. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly. Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

'WHICH?' The July issue includes reports on hearing aids, picnic stoves, fly killers, glucose tablets and insurance against rain. 'Which?' is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 333 High Holborn, WC1.

A KEY to the Riddle of French Canada. Pierre Laporte. 'The True Face of Duplessis.' The first critical biography of French Canada's man of power. A Readers' Club of Canada July selection. Paper 11s., Cloth 25s. Published by Harvest House Ltd., Box 340, Postal Station Westmount, Montreal 6, P.Q. Enclose cheque or money order.

THE following are the contents of July Plebs:—A Parliament in Spain, by Arthur Woodburn, MP; A Policy for Redundancy, by Andrew Boyd: Marxism and Darwinism, by Anton Pannekoek; The Nons – A New Type, by G. A. White; We have been Warned; by J. P. M. Millar; Transport – The NUR's Case, by S. J. Bidwell; The Annual Confab; This Wicked World; Plebs Forum; The NCLC in Italy; New Publications. Plebs is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year.

BOOKS bought: any quantity; all subjects. Van collects. CHAncery 9241. 10-4.30. Collins & Gray, 14 Churton St, SW1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

NORTH London people seem to find the second-hand books they want at The Southwood Bookshop, 355 Archway Road, Highgate, N6 (opposite Highgate Underground station). Early closing Thursday.

'A & N.' The Library Service which provides the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges anywhere in Great Britain. Free prospectus from Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

INDIVIDUAL Psychology News Letter Ask for specimen from: 39 The Vale, London, NW11.

FURTHER Letters of Seeker in search of Truth. Free copy. Ernest Breuer, Box tree Cottage, Preston, Weymouth, Dorset.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAL 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

SOCIALISM, econs, politics, USSR: we buy books, pamps, jrnls; any lang. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6805.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE

Appointment of Research Assistant(s) in Social Science in the Department of Economics and Social Science

APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates for the post of RESEARCH ASSISTANT in the Department of Economics and Social Science—full-time or part-time—to assist with investigations into local problems in personnel management and social administration. Salary (subject to imminent review) is £675 per annum for a full-time worker. The appointment is for one year in the first instance and may be renewed up to a maximum of a further two years.

Six copies of applications should be sent to the Registrar, University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cathays Park, Cardiff (from whom further particulars may be obtained). Closing date is 25 July 1960.

STAFFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
South-East Divisional Executive
DARLASTON GRAMMAR TECHNICAL SCHOOL
(350 boys and girls)

Headmaster: Mr W. C. Donithorn

This new school (GROUP XV) requires for September or as soon as possible teachers (men or women) to teach the following subjects to 'O' and 'A' level:—

1. FRENCH
2. ECONOMICS AND ECONOMIC HISTORY
3. BIOLOGY
4. COMMERCE AND BOOK-KEEPING

Suitable candidates will be considered for departmental and graded posts. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to be returned as soon as possible. A list of accommodation is kept at this office and a lodging allowance is payable to married men in certain circumstances. A grant towards removal expenses may also be made.

H. K. Simcox, Divisional Education Officer, Education Offices, Walsall Street; Wednesbury, Staffs.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD – CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
MOORSIDE APPROVED SCHOOL FOR SENIOR GIRLS

Home staff are required in September 1960 to help the Headmistress in this new experimental school for senior girls, who will live in groups of seven in spacious cottages in beautiful surroundings. An exciting challenging job for those interested in the problems of difficult, disturbed, adolescent girls and in supervising and being personally responsible for the home life of a small group of girls in a larger community – new ideas and initiative welcomed.

Applicants should be over 23 years of age and preferably should have had some previous residential experience. The Child Care Certificate would be an advantage but not essential. Supervisor's salary £560-£640 less £120 p.a. emoluments. Good staff quarters and generous off duty. Superannuable appointment – medical examination. Apply: The Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

PRINCIPAL
required for
KIVUKONI ADULT RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE, TANGANYIKA,

being established on lines of Ruskin College, Oxford, to provide liberal education in Social Studies. Required qualifications: an appropriate University degree; experience in adult education; some knowledge and understanding of recent African developments. Salary not less than £1,500; three year contract with family passage, free medical attention, Provident Fund or similar arrangements. Details available from the Principal, Ruskin College, Oxford, or Secretary, Tanganyika Education Trust Fund, PO Box 1976, Dar Es Salaam. Closing date 31 August 1960.

THE LINCOLN LABOUR PARTY invite applications from experienced agents for the post of

SECRETARY-AGENT.

Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from Councillor R. Wadsworth, 83 Addison Drive, Lincoln, to whom they must be returned by 20 July 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
Children's Department
SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited for two posts of Senior Child Care Officer, APTD III. Both the persons appointed must be trained social workers with experience in a local authority Children's Department, and capable of supervising the work of other staff. One will also be required to give a proportion of her time to the practical training of students from the Applied Social Studies Course, and should possess a professional qualification in mental health, applied social studies or the equivalent.

Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be sent not later than 25 July to the Children's Officer, Holly House, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, from whom further information may be obtained.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SOUTHAMPTON
CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

Applications invited appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Clinic associated with Social Casework (generic) Course at Southampton University. Mental Health Certificate necessary.

Students completing training considered.

Apply Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WEST HAM
Mental Health Services
CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPIST (5 sessions weekly) required for Child Guidance Clinic which is being developed in close association with family mental health services.

Full particulars from Medical Officer of Health, 99 The Grove, London, E15.

THE HOTEL AND CATERING INSTITUTE
24 Portman Square, London, W1.
WEL. 6554-7

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER

Applications are invited for the appointment of ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER to be responsible for administration of the Membership Department and Appointments Bureau. Salary not less than £800 p.a. Applicants should hold a professional qualification, have had experience with a professional body and be between 25 and 35 years of age.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary, to the Secretary, marked 'Personal'.

Scilliad for Secs. No. 3
COMFORTABLE CAMEL seeks COMPANIONABLE COMP-OP. And we have other interesting (though less unusual) posts for SECRETARIES and Shorthand-typists at £10-£15 p.w. –
THE ST STEPHEN'S SECRETARIAT,
3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2.
CHA. 8217

BBC requires General Programme Producer in Swansea. Duties include preparation and production of programmes of varying types in English and Welsh, at times outside the studios. Necessary qualifications are good general education, close familiarity with West Wales in particular, with Welsh affairs in general, knowledge of Welsh language. Enterprise in formulating programme ideas and in exploiting resources of the area are important. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.328 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

PART-time Women Tutors required from September for 'A' level Maths and Classics. W1 area. Box 5924.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Indonesian/Malay Programme Organiser (British subject) for its Asian Services in London. Duties include planning and production of programmes, supervision and co-ordination of duties of programme staff broadcasting in Indonesian and Malay, and preparation in English of news bulletins, commentaries, talks and features for translation. Wide cultural and general background essential; experience of producing and building broadcast programmes, sense of news value, news experience and ability to write for broadcasting would be advantages. Candidates should have definite interest in, and knowledge of, international affairs, with particular reference to South East Asia. Knowledge of the area and either Indonesian or Malay languages desirable, but successful candidate must in any case be willing to study in order to become fluent in either Indonesian or Malay. Salary £1,395 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,770 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.327 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant in School Publications Editorial Department. Duties comprise lay-out and design (including some proof correction) of School Broadcasting pamphlets, which cover wide range of educational subjects. Good working knowledge of printing methods and some practical experience of typographical design and production of art work required. Salary £800 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,025 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.324 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1 within five days.

BBC requires Producer, European Productions Department. Duties consist of production of features, magazine and actuality programmes in Italian. Selected candidate also expected to initiate programme ideas and follow them through and adapt scripts. Essential qualifications: very fluent Italian, good knowledge of Italy and Italian affairs, some production experience, good education and wide range of interests. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.332 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CENTRAL Office of Information require a versatile writer of proven experience to work as associate editor on a prestige periodical covering all aspects of British life and culture. Duties include story finding, subbing, caption writing and briefing distinguished contributors. A knowledge and appreciation of the visual arts would be an advantage. The post is graded Senior Information Officer (unestablished); salary £1,490 to £1,850 (men); £1,463 to £1,816 (women). Five day week; 22 days annual leave. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE2139), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

HOME Office: Probation Inspector. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 28 on 1.7.60 with wide experience of social conditions, and understanding of delinquency problems of juveniles and adults. Experience in the training and supervision of case workers and a university degree or other qualification in social science will be advantages. Duties include inspection of probation work in England and Wales; advising on individual cases and assisting in training entrants to the Probation Service. Salary (men, London) £1,305-£1,630. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting S166/60. Closing date 11 August 1960.

TELEVISION Current Affairs programme requires full-time interviewer-writer. Essentials: experience in national newspaper or periodical journalism; high standard of education; wide knowledge of current affairs; good appearance, voice, etc. Typed details plus photograph (returnable) to Box 5956.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
Warden and Deputy Warden
Hostel for Girls, Almond House,
Wickham Road, Shirley, Croydon

Applications invited from married couples to take charge of a Hostel for 11 working girls aged between 15 and 18 years. The work calls for a high degree of patience, tact and understanding. Previous experience in work with adolescent children essential. Diploma in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, HO Res. Child Care Cert. an advantage. Two other child care staff and domestic assistance provided. Applications from single women for both positions will be considered.

Salaries (under review):– Warden – £580 – £685
(5 weeks annual leave)
Deputy Warden – £530 – £610
(4 weeks annual leave)
(both subject to charge of £134 14s. for board, lodging, etc.)

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Comfortable furnished accommodation provided. Details and application form from Children's Officer (SDO/NS/1659/7), County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Lectureship or Assistant Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment. Candidates should have at least a good honours degree and have experience in teaching and research. Salary scales: Lecturer, £1,148 × 49 – £1,442/£1,540 × 56 – £1,820; Assistant Lecturer, £1,001 × 49 – £1,099. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 55% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided for the appointee and his family; a furnished house or flat is also provided at a reasonable rental. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Kuala Lumpur and London on 15 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Reader in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess postgraduate qualifications and experience in Political Science and provide evidence of capacity for advanced teaching and research. The Reader would be expected to undertake important administrative and organisational responsibilities in relation to Pass and Honours courses and research in the Politics section of the Department. Salary £A2,760/£A3,000 p.a. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Lecturer in Political Science. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess either an Honours or a Postgraduate Degree in Political Science. Preference will be given to applicants with a special interest in the government of either the Soviet Union or the United States. Evidence of interest in research will be an important consideration. Salary £A1,685/£A2,185 p.a. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 August 1960.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for two appointments in the Department of Pacific History (Head of Department: Professor J. W. Davidson): (1) Fellowship or Senior Research Fellowship. (2) Research Fellowship. In each case, applicants with research experience in Pacific Islands or South and South-East Asian history would be considered. The salary ranges for Senior Research Fellows and Research Fellows are £A2,272-£A2,752 and £A1,437-£A2,152 per annum, respectively, and appointment is made for three years, with possible extension to the maximum of five years. The salary and range of a Fellow are determined within the limits £A1,832-£A2,602 per annum, and appointment is to age sixty-five, subject to confirmation after five years. A Fellow is entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses, in every seven years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Reasonable travel expenses are paid, and assistance with housing is provided. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 5 August 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand. Lectureship and Assistant Lectureship in English. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. Candidates for the Lectureship should have an honours degree or higher degree in English Language and Literature, and for the Assistant Lectureship, an honours degree in English. The salary for a Lecturer is £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum (commencing salary in accordance with qualifications and experience), for an Assistant Lecturer £900 rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,100 per annum. Approved fares to Christchurch will be allowed for an appointee, his wife and children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 August 1960.

RHODES University, Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Applications are invited for the following posts from January 1961: (1) In Grahamstown: Lecturer in Classics. (2) In Port Elizabeth: Lecturer in Geography. The salary scale is £1,170 × £60 – £1,650 p.a. A Vacation savings bonus, as in the Public Service, is also payable. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 15 August 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of South Africa. Department of English. Applications are invited for appointment to the following vacancies: Professor of English (Language and/or Literature). Senior Lecturer in English (Language and/or Literature). Applicants should state, in a curriculum vitae, details of qualifications, interest in English language and linguistics, experience, publications, marital status, age and present income. Successful applicants must assume duty early in 1961. Applications, accompanied by copies of testimonials and certificates, must reach the undersigned* not later than 15 September 1960. The salary scales are as follows: Professor (man) £1,950 × 60 – £2,250 × 50 – £2,500. Professor (woman) £1,700 × 60 – £2,000 × 50 – £2,250. Senior Lecturer (man) £1,530 × 60 – £1,950 × 50 – £2,050. Senior Lecturer (woman) £1,300 × 60 – £1,660 × 50 – £1,760. Membership of the University's Provident Fund is compulsory. An honorarium is payable annually for examination work – £150 to a professor and £110 to a senior lecturer. Payment of vacation bonuses is considered from year to year. The University will defray all reasonable travelling and transport expenses for family and personal effects. *B. F. J. Van Rensburg, Registrar, PO Box 392, Pretoria, South Africa.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of Professor of Education in the Department of Education. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary attached to the post is on the scale £2,400 × £100 – £2,700 per annum. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is also compulsory in the case of an officer who is eligible for such membership. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to the above vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 August 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the History of Art. Candidates should be University graduates with experience in the field of textiles. The successful applicant will primarily be concerned not only with lecturing on the history of textiles, but with all aspects of administration, display and organisation for study purposes of the large existing collection of historical textiles in the Whitworth Art Gallery, and with the expansion of these collections into the field of modern and contemporary textiles since the aim of the appointment is to further the creation of a comprehensive historically based museum of textiles. As one part of a general re-organisation of the Gallery, an unusual and exciting prospect with full opportunities for academic promotion is open to a candidate with drive and imagination. Salary scale £800 to £950 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 20 July 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of applications may be obtained.

NORTHERN Polytechnic, Holloway, London, N7. The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as Principal of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale – £2,800 rising by annual increments of £100 to £3,100 per annum, plus London Allowance. In determining the commencing salary, increments, subject to the maximum of the scale, might be given to a suitable candidate. The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a substantial extension will shortly be erected adjacent to the Polytechnic. Form of application, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 15 October 1960. R. H. Currell, FCA, Clerk.

LONDON County Council. Poplar Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (280 pupils, age range 11+ to 16+) – qualified masters required for: (a) Mechanics (graded post, allowance £90) (b) General subjects (particularly history and geography). Burnham P. & S. salary scale £520 × £27 10s. to £1,000 plus London allowance £38 or £51; additions for qualifications and training; increments within scale for experience. Application forms (foolscap s.a.e.) from Secretary at College (FE3a/NS/1793/7), Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 21 July 1960.

AN INTERESTING Administrative post, with part-time General Subjects teaching, is vacant at St Audries Junior School, Nettlecombe Court, near Williton, West Somerset. Applicants should be qualified teachers, communicant members of the Church of England, and fond of the country. Burnham Scale; Government Superannuation Scheme; resident post. Particulars and applic. forms may be obtained from Headmistress, St Audries School, West Quantoxhead, Near Taunton.

WAR Office, Whitehall, London, SW1, requires temporary Assistant Librarian for Library and Historical Section. Quals: candidates should have passed the London University Librarianship or Archives Diploma examinations or the Registration Examination of the Library Association and should have a good Honours degree in History or other appropriate subject. Salary (men) commencing at £755 (age 25), rising to £1,140 p.a. Salary (women) slightly lower. 5 day week. Annual leave 3 weeks and 3 days. Selection by interview. Write for application form to Manager (PE2141), Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Closing date 29 July 1960.

TELEVISION Films: Here is an exciting job which involves writing and controlling the production of television film programmes for all parts of the world, on themes of national importance. The essential qualification is that you must have served your apprenticeship as a writer/director/producer of documentary films or factual television programmes. If, to a visual imagination, you can add an ability to translate basic information themes into film clearly and convincingly, this is an outstanding chance to develop your talents in a team of young people who find the work challenging and rewarding. Starting salary around £1,200. Apply, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (PE 925), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, London, EC4.

RESEARCH Assistant in Psychology. There is an opening for a post-graduate student with 1st class Hons degree and special interest in experimental method and design in the Department of Psychology. The research is concerned with the measurement of motivation in terms of modern learning theory, and the results may be used for a post-graduate degree. Knowledge of Hullian learning theory would be an advantage. Candidates should be free to travel. Initial salary within the range £860 to £1,010 according to qualifications. Application forms (to be returned within seven days) from The Sec, The Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, London, SE5. (Ref. SIHE).

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by LCC as local tuberculosis care organiser (half-time) at Finsbury Chest Clinic, Health Centre, Pine Street, EC1. Must possess Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate. £339 10s. rising to £442; commencing according to qualifications and experience. Duties of medico-social nature, and may include secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary funds for benefit of patients. Married women eligible. Forms from Divisional Medical Officer (DI/NS/1709/7), 53 Clerkenwell Road, EC1. Closing date 15 July.

HOLIDAY Centre Staff. Bethnal Green Borough Council require the following residential staff (male or female) for its holiday centre at Redbourn, Herts: (a) Manager – salary £715-£775 p.a. (b) Assistant Manager – salary £525-£590 p.a. In each case less £100 p.a. for emoluments (full board). Nursing certificate or domestic science qualification would be an advantage. Particulars and forms from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bethnal Green, E2. Completed forms by noon, 8 August 1960.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites application for appointment as Travelling Officer for the National Federation of Community Associations in the North of England. Commencing salary £700 p.a. Applications (with s.a.e.) by 22 July to 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

FEMALE Research Assistant required for one year for social work in a programme of human genetical research. Experience of survey work, interviewing and typing would be an asset. Salary £600 per annum. Further information obtainable from Secretary, Department of Biology as Applied to Medicine, Middlesex Hospital Medical School, W1. Closing date for applications: 22 July 1960.

YOUTH Development Officer for Headquarters staff required to deal with extension of Youth Club work, advise on adaption and erection of buildings. Duties to include assist local committees, surveying, negotiations with authorities, budget preparation. Must be mobile with experience business & club work. Age range 30/45. Salary range from £700. Applications National General Secretary, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

A VACANCY will shortly arise in the school department of this hospital accommodating mentally handicapped children. This post offers a variety of interest and experience to the successful applicant who will be intelligent and sympathetic. If you think you possess the necessary qualities please apply to the Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, SW17, giving full details of age, qualifications, experience and names of two referees.

PREPARATORY School in Harrow requires two qualified experienced Masters for September, to be responsible for Middle School work including Maths, Latin and French. Burnham Scale. Please apply with details of qualifications and experience to the Headmaster, Box 5846.

THE Post Office Engineering Union (70,000 members) proposes to appoint an Assistant Research Officer. The person appointed would work under the general direction of the Union's full-time Research Officer but the post would provide scope for initiative. Preference would be given to candidates with education to graduate standard; a keen interest in trade union work is an essential qualification. The post would be permanent and pensionable, and the salary £950 × 50 to £1,150. Starting pay on this scale would be determined by age and experience. Application forms may be obtained from The General Secretary, Post Office Engineering Union, Greystoke House, Hanger Lane, Ealing, London, W5. All applications will be treated in confidence. The closing date for applications is 8 August 1960.

AN INDUSTRIAL Liaison Officer aged 28-45 is required by the Council of Industrial Design to deal with the pottery, glass, sanitary ware and ceramic tile industries. Essential qualifications are a good general education, a keen interest in and a knowledge of the broad field of industrial design, and a wide knowledge of several of the above industries and their products gained through responsible relevant experience. An interest in interior furnishings including textiles will be an added advantage. The starting salary will be £1,295-£1,450, according to qualifications, rising to £1,630. There is a pension scheme. Apply for further details and an application form to the Recruitment Officer, CoID, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

THE Fabian Society is shortly appointing an Assistant General Secretary. Vital job for convinced, informed and adaptable socialist with administrative capacity, preferably under thirty, £600-£650 p.a. according to qualifications. Four weeks annual leave. Details and applic. forms, to be returned by 13 July, from General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1.

PRIVATE Secretary for service with Trade Union in Westminster District. Varied and interesting work, but essential qualification is ability to correctly record Minutes of Meetings. Salary £11 15s., rising to £12 5s. per week after six months. Five day (35 hour) week. Contributory Pension Scheme, good holidays, etc. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 5769.

YOUNG man or woman required for experimental appointment in the Autumn in connection with young people outside established Youth Organisations. Interesting post demanding initiative and intelligence. Further particulars and application form from the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W1.

MATRON with nursing experience required September for Home for 28 elderly men and women. Apply stating age, experience and qualifications to Secretary, Hampstead Old People's Housing Trust, 7 Harley Road, London, NW3.

HOUSEPARENT required, young adult Spastic Centre, full social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Fm Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

ANGLICAN Pacifist Fellowship of communicants of Church of England – post of General Secretary shortly vacant. Applications and enquiries to the Chairman, Canon Scrutton, 9 Bayer House, Golden Lane, EC1.

ASSISTANT Matron, experienced in nursing/and or housekeeping, required for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remuneration and accommodation. Box 5366.

THE Fellowship of Reconciliation requires a Field Officer to gather support within the age range of 16-23, for its work. The appointment will be for a period of up to two years, and will require regular travelling. Applications in writing with full details to the General Secretary, FoR, 29 Great James Street, WC1.

PERSONAL Assistant/Secretary. A competent Personal Secretary of good education with intelligence and initiative required from September/October (by arrangement) for Secretary of organisation concerned with conditions of employment of Civil Servants. Accurate shorthand and typewriting. Varied duties in small, happy office include correspondence, reports and editorial assistance. Age range about 25 to 35. 5 day week. Four weeks' holiday. Staff Benefit Fund. Starting salary according to age and qualifications on scale rising to £789 p.a. Write, stating age, education, qualifications, experience to Secretary, Staff Side of the Civil Service National Whitley Council, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, Victoria Street, London, SW1.

WOMEN'S Co-operative Guild requires Field Organiser, having thorough knowledge of Guild and free to travel about country organising new Branches. Appointment experimental for 2 yrs in first instance, subject to 3 mths probation. Salary, commensurate with duties, to be negotiated Applications, giving age, qualifications and names of two referees, to reach 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1, by 29 July.

COOK, some household responsibilities. Daily help kept. Comfortable home, own room. Central location. 5 in family. Professional household. Mrs Jackson, 26 Redlands Road, Reading.

EDUCATION for Responsibility. Women over 20 offered one-year residential course in social and cultural subjects for personal development, help in voluntary work or as foundation for professional training (teaching, social work, etc.). No examinations. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Full grants available: immediate application advised. Write to Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. (Co-educational boarding school with own farm. 60 pupils). Geography master needed for September. Scope for initiative, good coast for geologists. Burnham scale. Government superannuation. Apply in writing to the Principals, enclosing curriculum vitae and testimonials.

MATHEMATICS. Qualified Master, expert in Common Entrance and Public Schools Scholarship work required in September or January for Preparatory School in Harrow. Burnham Scale. Please apply in the first instance with details of quals. and exper. to Headmaster. Box 5847.

QUALIFIED experienced Master for English, French and German, interested in new techniques of language teaching. Games, Crafts and PE an asset. Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave, NW3.

NURSING staff, trained or untrained, required for the care of blind, subnormal and sighted, sub-normal children at Reigate. Full details obtainable from Hospital Secretary, Ellen Terry Home, Wray Park Road, Reigate.

CASHIER-Book-keeper, fully qualified woman, required immediately by Women's Co-operative Guild to take complete charge of accounts. Salary USDAW Men's Scale. 3 weeks paid holiday. Good hours and conditions. Apply stating age and qualifications to 348 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

TO train as Assistant to Manager. Medical and academic booksellers in West End of London require young man or woman aged 25-30 with good education. Library experience in handling books an advantage but not essential. Able to conduct correspondence. Salary starting at about £675. Write Box 5799, stating age, education and experience.

PART-time assistant required, 4 or 5 mornings a week, for nursery play group (3-5 year-olds) in W1 area, beginning September. Apply in writing to Miss Sanders, Tavistock Institute, 2 Beaumont St, W1.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental Students, Denmark Hill, London, SE5. 15 hours weekly mornings only, £4 4s. per week. Box 5856.

PUBLISHERS require Publicity Manager, experienced in copywriting and book promotion. Reply Routledge & Kegan Paul, 74 Carter Lane, London, EC4.

RESEARCH organisation concerned with African studies requires Assistant Secretary (woman), aged about 22-40. A University degree an advantage, shorthand & typewriting, experience of office routine & a good knowledge of French essential. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. Please write Box 5861.

PERSONAL Assistant to General Secretary of Jewish organisation publishing small monthly journal required. Work includes general secretarial/shorthand typing and editorial. Editorial experience an advantage but not essential. Salary according to qualifications. Box 5830 or phone MAI. 2691.

USA. From New York to California there are opportunities for Mothers' Helps, Maids, Cooks and Couples with American families. £50 p.m. Passage advanced. Bonus scheme. Apply Transcontinental, 18 High Street, Beckenham, Kent. Tel.: Beckenham 3666.

CLERK/Shorthand Typist required by a Research Department dealing with industrial relations. The work is varied and interesting. Salary £10 13s., rising to £11 3s. per week after six months. Five-day (35 hour) week. Contributory Pension Scheme, good holidays, etc. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 5786.

SECRETARY for Director Export Company, interesting progressive position requiring initiative, knowledge German useful, not averse to figures. CHA. 9136.

FILM Company requires Secretary to its Directors. Initiative more important than experience in entertainments industry. Good wages, informal atmosphere. Holiday arrangements respected. Box 5888.

SECRETARY/Typist for Embassy, good knowledge French. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

MEDICAL Secretary for Doctor, W1. £10. Doctor's receptionist 16-18, £7. Dental Secretary £12. Many other temporary and permanent vacancies for Medical secretaries. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria Street, EC4. CITy 7131.

CLERICAL Assistant, Vegetarian, full-time. Gen. office work, typing, some shorthand. No Sats. Write, details exp., salary req., Secretary, London Vegetarian Society, 53 Marloes Road, W8.

NEW York designer wants UK rep. 1/3 commission. KIN. 3353 evgs.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DANILO Dolci Committee reqs administrative assistant (London). Dtls from Secretary, 29 Gt James St, WC1. CHA. 3228

REQUIRED: Full-time Leader (man or woman) for Triangle Adventure Playground, London, SW8, catering for Primary age children. Salary: £760 per annum. Apply, with testimonials, to:—Hon. Sec., 23, Burnham Drive, Worcester Park, Surrey.

WOMAN assistant, 23/35, to run small press office. Typing, editorial and general duties. £11/£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

PUBLISHING and Advertising secretarial posts: Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY S/T. (graduate prefd) for MP £600 Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738.

PARENTS invited to call with school-leaving sons and daughters. Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

LABOUR Relations – Liberal Ideals – Tory Policy but a really good job from Winifred Johnson (Office Staff Bureau), 114 Holborn. EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

SECRETARY (female) for congenial office connected with the arts. Apply in writing stating age, experience, and salary required. Box 5911.

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INDIAN young ladies, of good appearance, speaking fluent English, for interesting work in Indian Handicraft Shops. Apply Box 5926.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

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NON-White South African Attorney, Notary Public and Conveyancer with 7 years' exp. in own practice, sks responsible position pref. with legal firm with a view to taking Eng. Solicitors' exams. Box 5881.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, 32, married, in senior teaching position, sks post Head German Dept, Russian subsid., or vice versa, in genuinely progressive state or indep., pref. co-ed. school. Box 5890

EX-Reg. officer, 26, journalistic, adm. exp. sks interesting London social work or sim. req. contact with people. Box 5697.

ABLE admin. expd. sec., wide interests, sks interest, post pref. uncommercial. Could reside. Ldn/elsewhere. Box 5628.

BOOK shop management and/or interest sought London area. Box 5870.

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LECTURE CRSES, ETC.—contd from p.72

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NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960 Daily expeditions with tuition Large studio Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall

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We still have a few places on our combined sea cruise to Leningrad with return by air from Moscow at 77 gns all inclusive for 16 days. Nine whole days in the USSR – room with bath & sightseeing included. Departures: 24 & 31 July; 14 August. This tour has been an unqualified success and is unrepeatable at this price. Conducted throughout by our own bilingual courier. Send immediately for Book No. 3 giving full details.

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NICE. French Riviera. To let balcony-room nr sea front, b. & b., use bathroom. English spoken. 15s. p.p.p. day. Enqs about hotels or flats also welcomed. Gautier, 3 Ave. Californie, Nice, France.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

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N6. Rms with view nr Hampstead Heath until Oct., kit/dining and bed/sit., furn. Suit sgle woman. £4. Box 5835.

GOLDERS Green. Two double bed-sit. rooms for friends (gentlemen) and two single rms (furn. most comfortably). Please write to Box 5955 or phone SPE. 7845.

FURNISHED flatlet, Norbury area. Bed-sit., kit./din., use bathroom. Close buses. Suit prof. couple or single 'plutocrat'. Rent 3 gns. Box 5954.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634

S/C. well furn. flat, sit./din.-rm, kit., 2 bedrms. Frig., bathrm, tel. MAI. 7257.

ATTRAC. two-roomed attic flat avail. 14 July for 2-3 mths. 3 gns. Also avail. sgle bed-sit. £2. MAC. 5734.

FURN. flat, newly decorated. 2 rooms, kit'ette & bathroom. Refrigerator. Suit two. Long let prefd. 8 gns. WES. 3778

ONE attractive room to let, Hampstead, best area. Phone HAMpstead 4780

COMF. bed-sit., concld k'ette. Mod. rent. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

BLOOMSBURY. Unfurn. balcony flat in Square. 2 rooms, kit., bathroom, £375 p.a., inc. Also good basement, no bath, £200. Box 5917.

W1. Lge bed-sit., share kit. & bthrm. C.h.w., phone. £3 10s. Box 5896.

HAMPSTEAD. Yng grads sk 2 others, comf. s/c flat, mod. rent. MAI. 3563.

COMF., furn. rm Camberwell. Ckg facs, 'phone, rent only £1 wkly in return small services. Refs please. Box 5936.

FURN. flat overlooking Regents Park, 2 rms, kit., bthrm, central heat., h.c.w., resid. porter. Ref. reqd. Box 5738.

HIGHGATE Stn. Furn. flat, dble bed-sit. & din. rm/kit. 4 gns. TUD. 4037.

S/C. furn. garden flat, W8. Two rms, k., b. Priv. gdns. £8 wk. Tel. MAC. 1910

REGENT'S Park. Maisonette, single/dble; £8 8s. till Sept. Or, exchange country/sea. No children. EUS. 3852.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, one single rm, newly dec. 2½ gns. HAM. 8109.

S/C. unfurn. flat, 2 rms, kit., bath, Regent's Park. £5 10s. inc. Box 5916.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful lge single b/s. rm, 4 gns. p.w. inc. serv. PRI. 0488.

WC1. Flat sharer (m) sought by graduate. 2 gns p.w. No service. Box 5874.

EARLY August: pleasant 2 roomed flat, Notting Hill Gate. Fridge, 'phone. Minimum one year. PARk 7095.

SHARE flat yng man to end Sept. 50s. 156 Goldhurst Terrace. MAI. 9067.

S/C. family flat N10. 6 gns. Pref. to kind Mum who will baby-mind school days. Could share. Box 5903.

LARGE sunny room in Nash terrace near Baker St; newly decorated and furnished, cooker, h. & c., telephone, linen, crockery, etc. Use of kitchen & bathroom. Free from Aug. 5 gns. AMB. 5206.

HIGHGATE. Small b./s. opp. Pk. July-Sept. Gd transpt Cen. Ldn. Box 5775.

BED-sit., bath, kit. facs. £2 10s. inc. House of young people. BAT. 5875

KENNINGTON. Furnished room available for professional woman. 35s. week. Refs given and expected. Box 5865.

MITCHAM 2 bed-sit.-rms for professional people. Refs needed. Box 5578.

NW2. Large sunny sit.-rm, 2 divans, kit./dining rm, bathrm etc. Avail. 4-5 wks from 9 July. GLA. 5035 aft. 6.

CONTEMP. newly furn. dble div.-rm, k/dinette, h. & c., use b. HEN. 6437.

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MAINLY professional people and overseas visitors contact Centacom for furnished flats, houses, and suites. Short or long tenancies. Phone TRA. 2911.

WEST Hampstead. Divan rooms. 3 gns & 2 gns includes cooking, kit., bath. Nr tube. Colonial students welc. CUN. 0462.

NEW 4-Berth caravan free July-October near Conway & Snowdonia: secluded by river or on beach site. Box 5459.

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PLEASANT cottage, Croyde, N. Devon. 1 mile from sea. To let 4-10 Sept. and 17 Sept. winter months, cheaply to good tenants. Pearse, 1 Abbey Mill Lane, St Albans 54826.

TEDDINGTON near river. Would anyone like share furn. cott. with one other (f.). Own 2 sunny rooms & share bath & kit. piano & TV. About 42s p.w. Writer etc. espec. welcome. Please write Box 5764.

ARTIST'S cottage to let. 8 gns week. Arkesden, Essex. Apply Hedda Carrington, Sennen Cove, Cornwall.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

EDUCATED girl, 23, wishes to share flat (preferably own room) with others in NW London. Box 5939.

BIOCHEMIST (f.) reqs bed-sit., sep. kitchen, or share flat; from 6 August, preferably Bloomsbury. Box 5938.

WD any person w. sim. interests provide accom. for 18-yr-old Filipino who paints, writes, dances, for mths Aug.-Sept. incl.? Box 5930 or tel. SWI. 5351 morns only.

WANTED: Unfurnished self-contained ground-floor flat, back yard if possible. Bloomsbury district. Box 5860.

BACHELOR, house-trained, wants airy bed-sitter, Marble Arch, 30 July. Cooking, drip-dry facs. Wkly 70s. Box 5878.

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8. Thurs., Sat. 5 & 8. 2 Plays by Eugene Ionesco. Mems.

IRVING, Leicester Square. WHI. 8657. Glamour and Girls. 4th yr Cont. Revue. From 2.30, Sn. 4. Witty & naughty! Mems.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 8.0. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. Joan Plowright in 'Roots'.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8.0. S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Every Man in His Humour'

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Chekhov's 'The Seagull'. 'For discerning theatregoers', Reynolds News. Fr. St. Sun. 7 45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' by Beaumont and Fletcher. 12 July, 2.30 and 7.30. 'Paradise Lost' by John Milton, adapted for the theatre by James Roose Evans. 14, 15, 16 July, 2.30 and 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. BBC presents 66th Season. Sat. 23 July to Sat. 17 Sept. Prospectus 6d. (by post 10d., postal order, not stamps) giving programmes and details of booking arrangements now on sale from BBC Publications, W1, Hall, SW7, & agents

3rd Bath Bach Festival. 22-29 Oct. 14 Concerts, 40 Soloists. Complete Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath (3d. stamp).

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 10 July: Gerard Philipe in Zola's 'House of Lovers' (X). From 11 July: Gabin, Fresnay, von Stroheim in Renoir's 'La Grande Illusion' (A).

DIRECT from Llangollen: The Jasenka and Jested Song and Dance Ensembles from Czechoslovakia. Guest artists Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor. British-Czechoslovak 15th Anniversary Celebration. Carlton Rooms, Maida Vale. 14 July, 7.30. Tickets 3s. 6d. from 15 Uxbridge St, W8.

EXHIBITIONS

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Until 23 July. Vernon Tong, Swaminathan Chowla, Spottiswood – Paintings. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. MASTERS OF MODERN ART – Important Sale Exhibition of works by BONNARD, BRAQUE, DUFY, KANDINSKY, KLEE, LEGER, MODIGLIANI, MONET, PICASSO, SUTHERLAND, UTRILLO, VAN GOGH etc., etc. New Sculpture by HENRY MOORE. Illus. catalogue £1. Adm. free. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nicolas Schöffer: Spatiodynamic, Cybernetic, Luminodynamic Sculpture. 8-30 July. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings Albert Tucker. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Water-Colours and Drawings of Today. 7th Exhibition.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Campbell: constructions, Fawcett & Brunschwig: paintings. Till 19 July, 10-6.

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September. Weekdays 10-8; Suns. 2-8. Admn. 3s. 6d. (Note late openings daily).

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Picasso: Gravures sur Linoléum 1958-60. Opening Friday 15 July, until 2 September. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

JAPANESE Ex-POW Exhibition. The Charles Thrale Pictorial Story of the POW Camps. Presented by Royal Artillery Assn, at 393 Strand (opp. Shell Mex Hse). Daily 10-10 inc. Suns. For Summer season.

THE Arts of the Sung Dynasty Exhibition organised by Arts Council and Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1 Till 23 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sidney Nolan – Leda and The Swan, and other recent work. Daily 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1 Until 16 July 142 New Bond St, London, W1

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Philip Sutton, Recent Pntgs; Margaret Kaye, Fabric Collages and Drawings. Wkdays 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition 1960. De Stael: Soulages: Ernst: Manessier: Sutherland: Richards: Nicholson: Reynolds: Wilson: etc. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes 1 Sept.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ceri Richards: a retrospective exhibition of paintings, drawings and relief constructions 1930-1960. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1: The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

KAPLAN Gallery: Marcelle Cahn – Ptgs. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1 PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, &c. Mon., Tu., Thurs., Fri. 10-7. Sat. 10-5.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings & Drawings by Bruno Manini. Dly inc. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 10 July, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. F. H. Amphlett Micklewright: 'Havelock Ellis'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON NLR CLUB

invites members and friends from London and Greater London Left Clubs to a Social at the Marquee (Academy Cinema, Oxford Street), Mon. 11 July, 8 p.m. Dancing, bar, refreshments, entertainments.

Members 2s. 6d.; non-members 3s. 6d.

Advance Notice

CND LONDON REGION WEEK-END SCHOOL, RUSKIN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

30 July to 1 August. £2 10s. week-end, £3 10s. three days. Book now. CND, 5 Caledonian Road, N1.

THE ICA presents Hedli Anderson in The Cruel Wars. A programme of traditional songs from the 12th to 20th Century. First performance of a poem by Louis MacNeice, and song by Rudyard Kipling and Humphrey Searle. Including works by W. H. Auden, Prevert, Brecht, etc. At The Arts Council Drawing Room, St James's Square, SW1, on Thursday 14 July at 8.45 p.m. Tickets must be bought in advance from ICA Gallery, 17/18 Dover St, W1. Admission 5s. ICA Members 3s. 6d.

FORUM – Problems of Democracy and Socialism in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Next meeting – Fri. 8 July, 7.30 p.m. at 32 Tavistock Sq, WC1. (Tube Russell Sq.). 'The Social Forces in the Democratic Struggle in Spain'. By Mr Vincente Gerbay.

DR Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize Winner, Sponsor of US Cttee for a Sane Nuclear Policy – on 'Why the World Must Achieve Total Disarmament' – 17 July at 7.30 p.m., St Pancras Town Hall; admn 2s., or from the British Peace Cttee, 81 City Road, EC1. CLE. 0383.

'A MONTH in China', speaker Rev. J. Boggis. Saturday 9 July, 7.45 p.m., at Lascelles Girls' School, Porlock Ave., West Harrow. Arranged by Britain China Friendship Assn, Hendon, Harrow & District Branch. Refreshments. Entrance free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Last Meeting of Season, Fri. 8 July, 8 p.m. S. Friedeberg Seeley: 'The Nemesis of Anna Karenina'.

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship. Mrs Pankhurst's Birthday, 14 July 6.15 Statue Victoria Tower Gardens, Westminster. 7 p.m. Public meeting Caxton Hall. Speakers Mrs Thatcher MP, and others.

ALL South Africans are invited to a Meeting called jointly by S. African Freedom Assocn and the Convenors of the Cora Hotel Meeting, to discuss mobilisation of overseas South Africans against Racial oppression, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 8 p.m., Fri. 15 July.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 10 July. R. W. Sorensen, M.P. 'Democracy on Trial – Venezuela and the Caribbean'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 10 July, 6.30, Music and Readings. 7 p.m. 'Atheism, Agnosticism and Religion': J. Hutton Hynd.

'UNFINISHED Man: A Study in Evolution'. Public lecture, 10 July, 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Wed. 13 July, Annual General Meeting (Members only), 6.30 p.m. Followed by brief address by Mr Christmas Humphreys, President, at 7 p.m. (Open to the Public from 7 p.m.) Infor.: TAT 1313.

'BLOOD at the Cross-roads'—a talk on road safety by Gerry Cass. New Jewish Society, Wed. 13 July, at 8 p.m. 83 Chiltern St, W1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR
COLLEGIATE FACULTY OF EDUCATION

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Residential Course for teachers and students of Recent History. Inclusive fee (tuition and accommodation), £5 15s.

Europe since Versailles, Dr Alun Thomas (Bangor); Britain from 1919 to the present, Professor C. L. Mowat (Bangor), Modern Wales, Mr A. D. Rees (Aberystwyth); Russia since the Revolution, Mr B. Hollingsworth (Manchester); Modern China, Dr F. C. Jones (Bristol); The United States since 1917, Professor Mowat and Mr G. A. Shepperson (Edinburgh); Canada since 1939, Dr H. S. Ferns (Birmingham); Africa's scramble to independence, 1870-1960, Mr Shepperson. Discussion periods, Brains Trust, coach tours to historical sites and John Summers Steelworks, Shotton. For further details and forms of application apply to the Secretary, Collegiate Faculty of Education, University College of North Wales, Bangor.

THREE Weeks' Thinking. International course, in English, at Freundschaftsheim, Germany. Whole field of peace work surveyed, political, cultural, personal. 25 Aug.-15 Sept. Fee £14, or one week £5. Details: W. Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som. Work-study volunteers welcd any time: fee 3s. 6d. per day.

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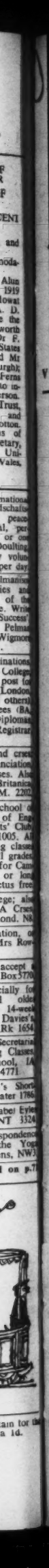
FOR Yoga classes and correspondence course, please write to the Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

LECTURE CRSES, ETC.—contd on p. 7

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